

ST. NICHOLAS.

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AN APRIL JESTER.

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

OUTDOORS the white rain coming down
Made rivers of the streets in town,
And where the snow in patches lay
It washed the Winter's signs away.
How fast it fell ! How warm it felt !
The icicles began to melt —
A silver needle seemed each one
Thrust in the furnace of the Sun,
The Vulcan Sun who forged them all —
In raindrops, crystals round and small.
The air was filled with tiny ropes
On which were strung these April hopes, —
White water-beads that searched the ground
Until the thirsty seeds were found.

Then came blue sky ; the streets were clean,
And in the garden spots of green
Were glistening in golden light, —
The grass — and Spring — almost in sight !
A blue-bird sang its song near by, —
Oh ! happy Spring *is* come, thought I ; —
When, all at once the air grew chill,
Again the snow-flakes fell until
The ground was covered, and the trees
Stood in the drifts up to their knees.

I think this bird who dared to sing
Was premature about the Spring,
Or else he joked in manner cool,
And caroled lightly, "*April Fool !*"



HARROW-ON-THE-HILL.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

THE OLD SCHOOL, HARROW.

A GREAT many years ago, when Elizabeth was Queen of England, there lived near the little village of Harrow-on-the-Hill a man by the name of John Lyon. He was an honest, well-to-do yeoman, who cared as much for his neighbor as for himself. Harrow, ten miles from the great city of London, was then a small place, with a main street leading up to the top of the hill, and a few narrow lanes straggling down the hillside to pretty red farm-houses and shady woods, just as they do to-day.

People in John Lyon's time were beginning to care more for learning than they ever had before; but their chances of being taught were few, and the worthy yeoman thought there was no better way to help his poorer fellow-villagers than by having their children educated for them. He was a rich man. Besides a farm at Preston, he owned a mineral spring, to which pilgrims came from far and near, as its waters were very healing. Almost all of them, as they left, would drop a few pence into the purse which he left there for that purpose. From the large income which he made in this way, John Lyon gave a certain sum every year to pay for the schooling of poor boys in Harrow. When he was certain that good came of this charity, he decided to found a school, so that, even after his death and until the end of time, the sons of poor men and women in his native place could be taught at his expense.

This was in 1571, and Queen Elizabeth gave him a charter for his school as soon as he asked her for it. But it was not until forty years later, in 1611, that his "well meete and convenient roomes" for schoolmaster, ushers, and scholars were built.

When John Lyon died, he was buried in the little church on the top of the hill, and just beyond the school buildings. It was on one of the grave-stones in front of this church, and on the brow of the hill, that Byron, who was a Harrow boy, used to sit for hours by himself, writing poems. For this reason it is now called Byron's Tomb.

The schoolhouse which John Lyon built is still standing. There is a room downstairs where all the boys in the early days had their classes. But now it is only used two or three times a week, when masters and scholars assemble in it for prayers. It is a long, narrow room, with high, old-fashioned windows. The walls are wainscoted, and all over the wainscoting and on the benches and desks, on the masters' tables, and even on the head-master's chair, schoolboys for the last three hundred years have carved their names. Some of these names are large and sprawly, others small and neat; and they are so close together that there is no space left for any new ones to be added. On one side, in very large letters, Byron's name is cut in two different places, and near it is that of Peel, the great

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English statesman. The boys were really forbidden to do this; and every name, you may be sure, represents a good punishment. But the masters are now glad that the boys were disobedient; for many became famous in after life, and their school-

of which are within ten minutes' walk of the school-rooms. Many are very pretty, and around them are large gardens, full of bright flowers, and smooth lawns for tennis. In each of the larger houses there are from thirty to forty boys; in the smaller



THE HIGH STREET, HARROW.

boy carvings are pointed out with pride. Harrovians, as Harrow boys are called, now have their names carved for them on new panels fastened to the wall for the purpose, and they think it quite an honor.

If John Lyon could come back to Harrow to-day, I do not believe he would recognize his school. And there have been many changes in the rules as well as in the buildings. The boys have shorter hours for study and more time for play. But the greatest change of all is that the boys who now go to Harrow are not free, but paying, scholars. Indeed, they pay so much that only very rich people can send their sons to the school. It happened that John Lyon said in his directions about the boys, that the master could receive, besides the regular pupils, "so many foreigners"—by which he meant boys from other parts of England—as could be conveniently taught. The school was so good that every year the number of these "foreigners" became greater, until now there are more than five hundred, while there are only two or three "foundations," or free scholars.

The boys board with the different masters. There are fifteen or sixteen boarding-houses, all

ones, only nine or ten. In the former, two or three boys room together; and all have their meals in the same hall, the master of the house presiding at dinner. The sixth form, or eldest boys, take their tea and breakfast apart from the others, and are waited on by their fags. In the small houses each boy has a room to himself, and he and his fellow-boarders breakfast and dine with the master's family; and a very comfortable and homelike time they have of it.

In every boy's room there is a Harrow bed,—a little low cot which during the day is folded up into a cupboard and out of sight. Then there are the wash-stand and dressing table, and whatever ornaments the boys may choose to add.

The boys are very loyal to their own houses. Each house has its own particular rules and interests, the boys in it playing foot-ball together against the other houses, and singing together. Then the rules about fagging and other customs vary in the different houses,—consequently, some of the houses are better liked than others; and boys who want to get in them sometimes have to wait two or three years for a vacancy. These houses make Harrow-on-the-Hill a lively little town during school terms.



THE PLACE CALLED "BYRON'S TOMB."

The head-master has the chief control of the school. Two or three times a week the boys meet in Speech Room, a large hall, with rows of seats forming a semicircle opposite a wide stage. Here the head-master gives whatever general orders are necessary; for, at other times, the only boys he sees are those in the sixth form or those who board in his house. The boys during school hours are under the superintendence of the masters of their forms; and when they are in their houses, they are under the charge of the masters living there. Next in authority to the masters are the monitors, who are the first sixteen boys in the sixth form. They read lessons in Chapel, keep order at "bill,"—a ceremony which I shall explain to you presently,—shut the door for prayers, and fulfill one or two other small duties. They have also a little more liberty than the other boys. When they are on duty, they are let off from school,—though, of course, they must prepare their lessons and keep up with their form. Then, they can go to the school library whenever they choose. This library is a beautiful large room, ornamented with busts and portraits of famous old Harrovians, a copy of the tablet erected to John Lyon by the people of Harrow, and a large photograph of Queen Elizabeth's charter. Opposite the door is a wide, low window with cushioned seats in it; and I think there are few pleasanter places to sit, for from it you look down the hillside to the foot-ball field and

the green meadows beyond; and on clear days you can see, away off in the distance, the towers and spires of London.

The sixth form, to which the monitors belong, is the highest in the school. There are three divisions to it, which include about seventy-five boys altogether. These are the elect, whose baths and fires, meals and messages, are attended to by the younger boys. But, according to a curious unwritten law of the school, the boy who has never been a fag can not have a fag. Therefore, if a boy who has always lived in a small house, where there is no fagging, moves into a large house when he goes into the sixth form, he must first serve an apprenticeship before he has a right to give orders to the fags. For one day, and in some houses for an entire fortnight, he waits on the sixth form, who take great delight in sending him on long messages, and in making him bring them all their extra dishes from the confectionery or "tuck" shops.

The fifth form is next in rank. It also has three divisions, and the boys who belong to them form an intermediate class, who are not allowed to have fags and yet are too old to be fags. Next in order are the upper and modern removes; and these classes compose the upper school. Once a boy has reached the modern remove, he puts on his "tails," or tailed coat, and is a small boy no longer. It is then that he begins to love Harrow. I do not think many other schoolboys love their

schools as much as Harrovians do theirs. Their affection lasts with their life. Whenever anything is needed at Harrow, if a circular is sent around to scholars who have left, they are sure to answer to the call, though they may have grown old and gray, or have moved long since to far India or the Colonies. An old Harrovian away off in Allahabad wrote, in 1864, a song for Harrow boys to sing, which shows how strong the school feeling is. This is the last verse :

" And when at last old age is ours, and manhood's strength has fled,
And young ambition's fire is cold, and earthly hope lies dead,
Once more amid our early haunts we feel our boyhood's thrill,
And keep a niche within our hearts for Harrow-on-the-Hill.
For, searching England far and wide, no school can well be found
That sends forth truer gentlemen, or stands on higher ground."

In the lower school, where the boys wear jackets, the highest classes are the two lower removes. These are followed by the three shells. The word shell comes from *échelle*, the French for ladder; for, at first there were no removes, and the shells were really the steps by which the boys went up from the lower to the higher forms. It is well to know the meaning of the word; for, otherwise, it would seem to be a very foolish and unmeaning name for a class. Lowest of all is the fourth form, which, like the others, has three divisions. All the boys in the lower school, and also those in the two upper removes, have to take turns at fagging. Each one is on duty for a certain length of time, as day fag, night fag, or find fag. The day fag has to stay in his house all day long, in case he may be wanted. He has to keep the fires of the sixth-form boys burning, and he must fill their baths after foot-ball, and empty their basins in the evening. The find fag is the marketer; that is, he goes to the tuck shop for sausages or eggs or whatever dish it may please his masters to order. The night fags run on messages during the evening and fetch hot water for the sixth form. When they had to go down to the kitchen for it, there used to be much noise and confusion, so that, to prevent it, a gas-stove has been put in some of the houses, at the end of the hall upstairs. As night work is thought the easiest, it is usually given to the boys in the upper removes. In some houses fagging duties are lighter than in others; but, light or heavy, the boys never rebel against them.

Now that I have told you what the classes are, and where the boys live, you will be curious to know how the day is spent at Harrow. An American boy who has been there several years has written for me, and for the benefit of the readers of *ST. NICHOLAS*, a short account of his school life.

" We have to be in school every morning by half-past seven; the school bell rings first at a quarter to seven, and again at a quarter-past; and it rings for a few minutes before nearly all the 'schools' during the day. First school lasts from half-past seven to nine, when we have breakfast; and then we have until ten o'clock free. From ten to one (dinner-time) we are in school one, two, or three hours. Then on half-holidays (Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays), we have the afternoon to ourselves, except that we must answer to our names at 'bill' at a quarter to two, and at four and six in the summer term, and at a quarter to two and a quarter-past four in the other terms. 'Lock-up,' in summer, is at half-past eight, and at other times at half-past six. No boy may be out of his house after 'lock-up.' On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays the summer hours are: third school at three, fourth school at five; in winter they are half an hour later. Each of these schools lasts an hour. At six or half-past we have tea; at half-past eight, supper; at a quarter-past nine, prayers; and at ten the gas is turned off. During the evening we are supposed to do our work for first school next day. On Sunday, we must be up by half-past eight for chapel, and during the day we have to go to chapel twice again, at eleven and six. At three we have an hour's Bible lesson, which has to be prepared beforehand.

FRANK IRWIN."

" Bill" is a peculiar Harrow term, and means the calling over of names on half-holidays. And this is done two or three times in the course of the afternoon.

At the appointed hour, the great school bell rings. It is so loud that you can hear it even in the meadows and lanes at the foot of the hill. At its first sound, the boys come trooping through the streets from the cricket fields and racquet courts, from the cake shops and their own rooms, or from wherever they may be spending their half-holiday, to the high-walled yard in front of the old school-building. They all wear white straw hats with very wide brims, which they call "straws." These have either blue or black ribbons around their crowns, and an elastic, such as little girls wear on their hats, which the boys pull down a little way over their hair at the back of their heads. It can not be of much use; but then, I suppose, Harrovians have always worn it, and so they still keep it just as the Blue-Coats keep their yellow stockings. The cricket "Eleven," who are looked up to as the most important beings in Harrow, if not in the world, are distinguished from the others by their white and black "straws." The boys wear these hats all the year around, in winter as well as summer, changing them on Sundays for tall silk hats. The younger boys wear black jackets; but the older ones have coats made like dress-coats, and with these they wear any waist-coats and trousers they like, so that they always look as if they were in half evening dress. These coats, in the school slang, are always known as

"tails." A story is told about them. Once, on a very dark night, the head-master saw about half a dozen boys coming out of the village inn, where they had been positively forbidden to go. He could not see their faces, and as they all ran as soon as he spoke to them, he only succeeded in seizing one of the number. Pulling out his knife, he cut off a tail from this boy's coat and let him go, saying, "Now, sir, you may go home. I will know you in class to-morrow morning by this." The next morning came, and the head-master

in his report to the master. If a boy is detected by the latter coming forward out of turn, he is called back and ordered to write fifty lines before next "bill." In the summer, when a great many of the older boys spend their half-holiday playing cricket, the ordinary "bill" would be a very long and serious interruption to their sport. The masters know this, and as they think almost as much of the boys' games as of their studies, they have a special "bill" for cricketers. At the same hour that the other boys assemble in the schoolyard, those in the cricket-field form in a line, every fifth boy standing a little farther forward than the rest. He is called a shepherd, and the four between him and the next shepherd are his sheep. Then the master starts from the top of the line and runs quickly down to the other end. As he passes, each shepherd answers for his sheep, and thus a great deal of time is saved. The shepherds, like the monitors, must explain the absence of the missing sheep.

Writing lines is the penance Harrovians do for all their sins, in and out of school. If a boy is late for school, he writes lines; if he misses "bill," he writes lines. If the lines are not finished at a stated time, their number is doubled. There was one clever boy who escaped writing half the ordered quantity; and the masters tell the story of how he did it to this day. He was an untidy boy and was often taken to task for his carelessness and disorder. One day his master, who had very dignified and impressive manners, and who always said "we" instead of "you" when talking to the boys, found occasion to reprove him.

"We do not look very clean," he said, with much severity. "We have not washed our hands this morning. Have we?"

"I don't know about yours," was the impudent boy's answer, "but I've washed mine."

"Ah!" said the master, "we are very impudent to-day. We will have to write a hundred lines before the next 'bill.'"

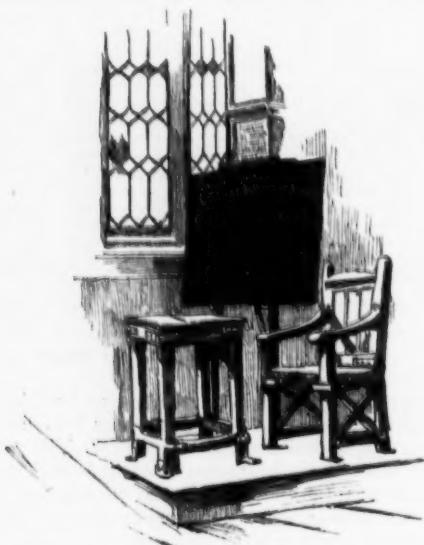
When "bill" time came, the master sent for the boy.

"Have we written our lines?" he asked.

"I've written my fifty," the boy answered very promptly, handing in his paper; "but I don't know whether you've done your half!"

When not in school, the boys are their own masters. During their free hours until "lock up," they can do very much as they please. Of course, certain things are forbidden them, but there are no wardens or beadle to keep an eye on their movements. This independence makes them very manly and teaches them to take care of themselves.

Most of their leisure time is spent in different



BLACK BOARD AND MASTER'S SEAT, OLD SCHOOL ROOM, HARROW.

waited at his desk, ready to punish his victim with great severity; for the offense was counted a very serious one. But when the boys of his form came in and passed, one by one, by his desk, each had but a single tail to his coat. They all had ruined their "tails" to save their friend.

But while I have been describing their coats and telling a story about them, I have left the boys in the yard, waiting for "bill." Presently one of the masters, in gown and cap, comes in, and stands on the steps of the school building. The monitor of the day comes and stands at his side. Then all frolic stops, and the master begins to call the names in regular order. The boys, in single file, march in front of him, and each one in turn answers by touching his hat just as soldiers do, with his right hand, at the same time saying, "Here, sir!" The monitor writes down the names of the absent, and before the day is over, he has to hunt them up, find out the reason of their absence, and give

kinds of sport. This is Lord Byron's account of what they did during their hours of play :

" Yet when confinement's lingering hour was done,
Our sports, our studies, and our souls were one !
Together we impell'd the flying ball,
Together join'd in cricket's manly toil,
Or shared the produce of the river's spoil ;
Or, plunging from the green, declining shore,
Our pliant limbs the buoyant water bore ;
In every element unchang'd, the same,—
All, all that brothers should be but the name."

but the principal courts, for fives as well as for racquets, are built together on the hillside, near the old schoolhouse, and here many boys, and masters, too, spend the greater part of their half-holidays. A flight of wide stone steps leads to them from the yard where "bill" is held. In whatever direction you turn from the schoolhouse, unless it is to go to the parish church, you must walk downhill ; and these steps make the steep descent here a little easier. At certain hours of the afternoon they are crowded with boys, racquet in hand, who rush down at break-neck speed.



THE OLD SCHOOL ROOM, HARROW.

The three great games at Harrow nowadays are cricket, racquets, and foot-ball. While Harrovians are very skillful in all of them, and are very close rivals of Eton, Winchester, Westminster, and Rugby boys, with whom they have their great matches, the game in which they most excel is racquets. They are always sure to win the cup, or prize, whenever they play racquets against other schools. They have a number of very fine courts, a few of which are in the yards around the houses;

As you begin to descend, you will notice on your right hand a small grassplot which is shut in by the school wall and the high wall of the first racquet court. This small green place has played so important a part in the school life that you must not pass it without learning something about it. It was the old "milling-ground," or battlefield, where all fights took place in the presence of the whole school. At Harrow, the rule is that school battles must be fought in public. None,



A CRICKET MATCH AT HARROW.

therefore, could ever come off without good reason, and they have always to be carried on fairly. The consequence is there have not been any fights for years.

Cricket is quite as popular as racquets, and the fame of Harrow boys as cricketers has spread far and wide. I am sure it has already reached many of my readers; but still, they are not always as successful at it as they are at racquets. They are sometimes beaten by Etonians, with whom every summer they have a great match in Lord's Cricket Ground out in St. John's Wood, a part of London. This always comes off in the height of the season, and everybody goes to it, and everybody in the fashionable world talks about it for weeks before-hand and afterward. At Harrow there are two large cricket-fields, which lie at the foot of the hill, about eight minutes' walk from the schoolhouse. One was given to the school by George III., as a notice forbidding "trespassing on these premises" tells you. The other, on the opposite side of the road, where sheep graze in the quiet twilight hour, after the cricketers have gone home, was bought a few years ago by old Harrovians.

On bright holiday afternoons the fields are gay and lively. If a match is not going on, there is sure to be a number of boys practicing. The last match of the year, played in the early part of October, is called "Goose Match." This is another peculiar Harrow name, but it is not without its meaning. The players in the evening have a great dinner, at which the chief dish is goose. This has been the custom for so many years that the match is now nicknamed after the dinner.

One of the greatest honors in the school is to be elected into the cricket "Eleven," which is called "getting your flannels." When a boy, because of his good playing, is promoted to it, he is cheered

at the next "bill" by the whole school. He then, and then only, can wear white flannel trousers, while he decorates his short blue coat — which the boys are now allowed to use when going to their game — with brass buttons. Another proud distinction is the white waistcoat, which no boys but the "Eleven" can wear.

The foot-ball field is on the other side of the hill. You can see it from the library window. "Footer," this game is called at the school. Harrow boys have a way of shortening familiar names and adding "er" to them. They call the Sick-room, "sicker," and Speech Room and speech-day, "speecher," and the duck-pond where they bathe and swim, "Ducker."

Three times in every two weeks there is a "school compul"; that is, compulsory "footer," when all the boys have to play. Every now and then, too, there are matches between the houses, and very exciting they are. You can hear the hurrahing and the cries of the winning side distinctly on the hill. Then the masters play against the houses, challenging one at a time, and, as a rule, defeat them. On half-holiday afternoons, and on other days between half-past one and three, the boys, and often the masters, hurry down the lane behind the building where the laboratory is, running as fast as if they wore the seven-league boots of fairy-lore; and then, with much noise of tramping, they rush through the gate at the foot of the lane out into the field beyond. This field is so large that almost all the boys can play on it at once. Each house has a large square measured off for its use, and the boys always wear, when playing, their house colors. If you go down to the field when they are at work, you will see troops of players in red, yellow and black, magenta and white, and other gayly colored shirts and caps, with white

knickerbockers, tearing across the green after the balls, or else struggling and pushing for them, boys and masters rolling over and jumping to their feet again almost instantaneously.

Every house has its "footer" colors, but the school color is blue, a dark shade very like that of the University of Oxford. The boys are very proud of their blue. They think that it, like all else belonging to Harrow, is finer than anything to be found in other schools. They say that when

"The Alps and the white Himalayas
Are all very pleasant to see,
But of right little, tight little, bright little hills,
Our Harrow is highest, say we."

The great "footer" match of the year is on October 9, or "Founder's Day." This is the great day of the year. It is held in honor of the founder, "Lyon of Preston, Yeoman John." A sermon is preached, old Harrovians come back



"Ducker": THE SWIMMING-POUND AT HARROW.

their blue ribbons are faded and soiled, then they hand them over to Eton boys, whose color is light blue. This is really the only thing they will tell you of Etonians, their great cricket rivals. Even Harrow masters pretend to know nothing of the manners and customs of the school at Windsor, which is so near that its towers can be seen from the hillside. For, why should they care to know about any other place than Harrow? Windsor towers are high, but so is Harrow Hill, and they never grow tired of praising the high ground on which their school is built. They think, as one of the school songs says:

and meet at a dinner, and late in the afternoon the boys assemble in Speech Room and sing in chorus Harrow songs.

I hardly know whether the Gymnasium, the Carpenter's Shop and the different school societies ought to be counted as work or play. Many boys spend their free afternoons in gymnastic exercises and in working with the carpenter. They have a fine large workshop, and when I saw it, one boy was busy building a canoe. The principal society is the Scientific Association, whose meetings the members look forward to with much eagerness. Sometimes a boy, and sometimes a master, reads

a paper, or lectures on an interesting or important subject. Then, too, there is a Volunteer Corps, to which many boys belong. It drills every morning, and occasionally turns out with the school band. Every year, eight of the best shots in the corps go to Wimbledon to shoot in the great match there.

One thing even Harrovians admit is needed to make their school quite perfect. This is a good-sized stream of water. Lord Byron wrote about sharing "the river's spoil," but this could only have been on rare occasions, for the Thames is many miles from Harrow. As it is, "Ducker" is the only piece of water which the boys can reach conveniently. I do not suppose a finer swimming-bath is to be found in England. It is a large tank paved with asphalt, with gracefully curved banks, along which are flower-beds and thick shrubbery and, in some places, beautiful large trees; while from the water, the boys can always see the hill and the church spire and the schoolhouse. Then, too, there are rustic benches and little dressing-houses, whereon the names of the champion swimmers—"dolphins," they are called—are carved. But "Ducker," fine as it is, is not large enough for boating. In respect to water sports, Eton is really better off, the boys there having the Thames at their disposal.

Perhaps it is to make up for this loss that so much is thought of singing at Harrow. The boys all must learn to sing. At one time they charged themselves with testing the voices of new-comers. The unfortunate new boy was made to stand on a table, holding a lighted candle in each hand, and in this position he had to sing a song. If he failed, he was forced to drink a glass of soap and water. Something of the same kind took place during Christmas term. All the boys in a house would meet in one room, and the "Footer Eleven," clothed in red dressing-gowns, would sit solemnly on a bench in front of a table. On this every boy in turn stood and sang his song, holding, like the new boy, a candle in each hand. On one side was an officer for the evening bearing a toasting-fork; a second, armed with a racquet, was stationed on the other side. When the singer stopped in his song or hesitated, the officers gave him a good thrashing with their weapons. The general result was, as a head-boy of the school once wrote, "a good deal of fun, and some slight damage to the trousers." Now in many of the houses, the new boys are still forced to sing, but the candles and soap and water are left out of the ceremony. Besides this, at the supper at the end of every term, which is a very jolly affair with much speech-making and many toasts, every boy in the

house is obliged to sing at least two or three verses of a song. The little fellows look forward to the evening with great fear and trembling, and practice their songs for weeks beforehand.

But the boys do not only sing in play. They are serious enough about it sometimes. Every week there is singing in one or other of the houses, when the singing-master presides, and many of the other masters and their families come to listen. The boys have a large collection of songs. These are not in the least like those popular in American schools and colleges. They are all about Harrow and its greatness; about John Lyon and Queen Bess and the charter; about new boys and their first hardships, and the old boys and their noble doings. There is one called "Harrow up on the Hill," which is so full of the love and pride Harrow boys feel for their school, that I think it will be the best ending to my description of their life:

" Three leagues to north of London town,
Harrow up on the Hill.
There stands a school of high renown,
Harrow up on the Hill.
Low at her feet the rolling shire,
Groves around her in green attire,
And soaring above her a silent spire,
Harrow up on the Hill.

" Men of honor in English realms,
Harrow up on the Hill.
Have roamed as boys beneath her elms,
Harrow up on the Hill.
And round the school which loves to claim
The heirloom of their noble name
They cast the halo of their fame,
Harrow up on the Hill.

" Others may boast of a Founder-King :
Harrow up on the Hill.
We have a different birth to sing,
Harrow up on the Hill.
Glorious founders have there been,
But never a grander pair were seen
Than Yeoman John and the Virgin Queen :
Harrow up on the Hill.

" And if they ask what made her great,
Harrow up on the Hill.
Was it her riches, pride, or fate ?
Harrow up on the Hill.
Say that she rose because she would,
Because her sons were wise and good,
And bound in closest brotherhood !
Harrow up on the Hill."

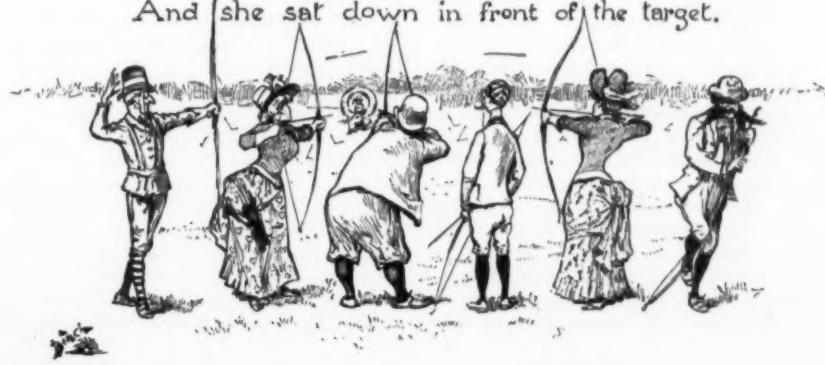
WHAT THE JONQUIL SAID.

IT is early, I know,
Early and chilly;
But I have an engagement
With Daffy-down-dilly.

It 's the time o' year
For litter and muss,
And the gardens and borders
Depend upon us.



At an archery party near Marget,
A timid young lady named Harget
Said: "I'll sit over here "
Where there's nothing to fear. —
And she sat down in front of the target.



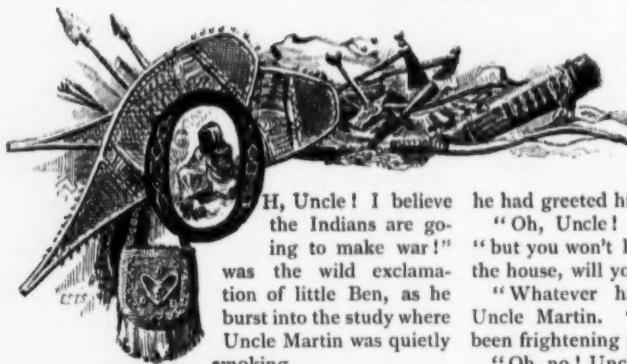
GOOD-NIGHT.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

GOOD-NIGHT, pretty Sun, good-night;
 I 've watched your purple and golden light
 While you are sinking away.
 And some one has just been telling me
 You 're making, over the shining sea,
 Another beautiful day;
 That, just at the time I am going to sleep,
 The children there are taking a peep
 At your face,—beginning to say,
 "Good-morning!" just when I say good-night!
 Now, beautiful Sun, if they 've told me right,
 I wish you 'd say good-morning for me
 To all the little ones over the sea.

THE DRUMMER ON SNOWSHOES.

BY ERNEST E. THOMPSON.



"H, Uncle! I believe the Indians are going to make war!" was the wild exclamation of little Ben, as he burst into the study where Uncle Martin was quietly smoking.

"Indeed?" said Uncle Martin, smiling at the idea of a few squaws making war on a village only a short distance from the city of Toronto.

But Benny was fresh from England, and his mind was filled with exciting tales about Indians and tomahawks, and his interest in such matters had lately been intensified by learning that a number of half-breeds and squaws were encamped near by, for the purpose of selling bead and quill work. The idea of seeing a real Indian camp completely filled Benny's brain for the next few days; and as his uncle could not take him, the little boy had several times set out alone on short

excursions to a tract of swamp lands a quarter of a mile away, in hope of seeing the Indians without running the risk of being seen by them, and it was immediately upon a remarkably hasty return from one of these expeditions that

he had greeted his uncle as just described.

"Oh, Uncle! it 's so!" cried Benny, again; "but you won't let them touch me or burn down the house, will you?"

"Whatever has come over the lad?" said Uncle Martin. "Have the boys of the village been frightening you?"

"Oh, no! Uncle; I encountered the red savages in the forest," said Benny, dropping into the language of his favorite literature, as his courage began to come back.

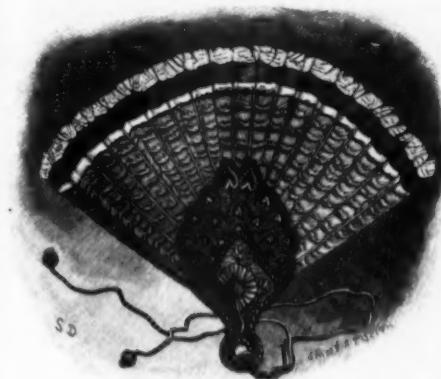
"What! did you meet some Indians?"

"Well, no, I did n't exactly see them, but I heard them. They were coming after me with dreadful war-whoops and drums, and—I think I heard their noiseless footsteps."

Again Uncle Martin endeavored to re-assure his nephew, and Benny gradually relinquished the other details of his description, but to the tom-tom, or drum, incidents he kept firmly.

"And you know, Uncle, how before a battle

the painted warriors gather in a circle and dance for hours to the ceaseless beating of the tom-tom." And he attempted to imitate the sound by thumping on the table with his fist, at first slowly,



FAN MADE FROM THE TAIL OF A PARTRIDGE.

then faster and faster, until he could not further increase the speed; then he suddenly stopped altogether.

"Capital!" cried Uncle Martin, with a hearty laugh, "you have given an excellent imitation. By the way, yesterday you were eager to learn something about the bird, the tail-feathers of which are used in making this handsome Indian fan, and last week you were greatly interested when I promised some day to show you a bird that wore snowshoes. Well, your terrible Indian drummer is also a beautiful bird, the same, moreover, that wears the snowshoes and the fan."

Great were Benny's wonder and astonishment, and he was easily persuaded to accompany his uncle to the swamp unarmed.

They had not been long among the fragrant cedars, before there fell on their ears a loud "thump," followed after a few seconds by another, after a shorter interval by a third, and so on, until the sound became a continuous rattle, dying away like a drummer's tattoo.

Uncle Martin glanced at Ben.

"Yes, that's it," the boy whispered, "that's the tom-tom again."

"We'll soon see the drummer," said Uncle Martin. "Now listen. A line drawn straight from us toward the sound would pass through that tall cedar."

Uncle Martin then led the way some distance to one side, and again similarly marked the direc-

tion of the sound. He explained that the drummer would be found on a log where these two imaginary lines crossed.

When they had gone about fifty yards toward this spot, Ben's young eyes caught sight of a large bird running along a log just before them.

"There," cried his uncle, "there is your Indian drummer." Then as the bird sprung into the air and went whirring through the trees, he added, "And you see he is as much afraid of you as you were of him. He won't drum here again this morning; so we may as well return to the house, where I will show you a stuffed drummer,—more properly a partridge, or ruffed grouse."

As soon as they returned, Uncle Martin took from a case in his library, a nicely mounted specimen of the handsome bird they had just seen.

"There," said he, directing Ben's attention to the tail, "you will recognize the Indian fan without its handle of birch bark or its embroidery of porcupine quills."

"But," asked Benny, "where is its drum, and what has become of its snowshoes?"

His uncle placed the bird's foot in a better light and said, "Here are the partridge's snowshoes; you see they are not quite so clumsy as ours. They do not prevent it from running through the brush or walking along the branches of the trees; in fact, they rather assist it. The 'shoe' is formed by these long horny points along the edges of each toe. In the summer these points do not exist, but in the fall they begin to



THE DRUMMER'S BARE FOOT.

THE DRUMMER'S SNOWSHOE.

develop, appearing first as a row of pointed scales. During the autumn they continue to grow steadily, until winter finds the partridge ready for any amount of snow,—its feathers, too, are then in perfection,—and it is able to run along the tops of the drifts and to walk, as well, upon the sleet-covered branches of the trees, aided by the same snowshoes. But when the snows are

disappearing in early spring, the points begin to loosen and drop off, and by the time the snow is quite gone, the partridge runs barefoot through the swamp until winter comes again."



"I COULD JUST SEE HIS SHAPELY FORM STRUTTING ABOUT."

Benny listened with intense interest, and when his Uncle Martin had finished speaking, the boy continued gazing dreamily at a corner of the room, giving full flight to his lively fancy, which carried him away in imagination to some wintry swamp where from time to time he met with little troops of partridges all marching in step together for a snowshoe tramp. But presently Uncle Martin called him back to his original interest in the bird by beating a subdued tattoo on the table with his fingers. The moment his uncle stopped, Benny cried :

" But where 's the drum ? "

" Ah, yes, " said Uncle Martin ; " the terrible tom-tom ! Here it is,—this pair of rounded gray and brown wings. They are all that the bird uses to make the loud drumming that sent you running home. When I first came to Canada, I found

there were various opinions as to the method of making the sound. One man, who read a great deal but rarely went into the woods, said that the sound was produced by the bird's voice ; some of the hunters told me that the bird struck its wings on the log, and others declared that it struck them together over its back.

" I did not give much heed to the book-man's explanation, for all the woodmen laughed at it. I soon learned to discredit also the idea that the bird thumped the log with its wings, because, whether it stood on a stump or a stone, a rotten log or solid timber, the sound was always the same. Lastly, I did not believe that the wings were struck together, because when a pigeon or a rooster strikes its wings together, the sound is always a sharp crack. At length, after watching the bird carefully, I came to the conclusion that it drums by beating the air only.

" It is not an easy matter to get sight of a partridge when he is drumming, but I managed to do it by crawling on my hands and knees toward the bird, lying still while he was quiet, and only moving forward when he renewed his noisy courtship,—for it is to woo and win his mate that Sir Ruffed Grouse indulges in these strange and noisy musical exercises. In this way I contrived to come within twenty feet without alarming him. Through the alder thicket I could just see his shapely form strutting about like a turkey-cock ; then, for a moment, he stood upright, with his feathers lying close.



THE PARTRIDGE DRUMMING.

Suddenly his wings flashed, and at the same moment I heard the loud thump. Then, for a few seconds, he

stood looking about as though nothing had happened; but presently came a second flash and thump, and others rapidly followed at lessening intervals, until at last the serenade rolled away like the galloping of horses or the rumbling of distant thunder. Thinking to get a better view, I

slowly and cautiously raised my head. But the drummer's eye was on me, and instantly taking alarm, he leaped, chuckling, from the log. In another instant his beautiful fan-tail was steering him safely through the branches and away into a quieter part of the woods."



COWSLIPS.

BY SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT.

WHEN mists beside the river kneel,
Like still gray nuns at matins,
And catkins o'er the willows steal,
All dressed in silvery satins,
Before the soldier-reeds unbind
Their swords to tilt against the wind,

Before the grass begins to toss,
Its pretty fancies trilling,
Or buttercups find yellow floss
Enough to make their frilling,
The cowslips sit in golden crowds
Beneath dim April's frowning clouds.

Alone within the fields they bide;
No lover that way lingers;
The alders by the brooklet's side
Reach down their long brown fingers;
One lonely robin, on the wing,
Is calling plaintively for spring.

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But still, as brave and glad are they
As any summer beauty;
They ask no rosy holiday;
They smile, for that 's their duty.
And all the meadow's gladness lies
Within their brave and shining eyes.

They promise days in one bright wreath
Of bloom and sunbeams airy;
The sweetness of their fresh young breath
They give the showers to carry
To lonely homesteads, near and far,
Where hearts that long for spring-time are.

As if 't were dew, the rain-drops wet
They take with cheery lightness.
None praise them; but, with fair pride yet,
They wear their homely brightness.
For truest courage has its birth
In an inward sense of worth.

'CROSS COUNTRY WITH THE NEWS.

BY FRANK MARSHALL WHITE.



least, and had made the acquaintance of another new reporter, who had been in the service for a week. I had seen twenty-five or thirty other reporters come in, receive details from the city editor in his sanctum in a corner of the room, and depart to do their work; and I was anxious for an opportunity to make my first effort in journalism. The other new reporter had pointed out the celebrities of the staff,—a very tall young man who, he said, wrote the humorous local reports; a middle-aged man who could write a column in an hour; a boyish young fellow who was the only member of the staff with sufficient nerve to make balloon trips; and a solemn-visaged youth who had received a special medal from Congress for saving lives at the risk of his own in a railroad collision, upon which occasion he had telegraphed two columns about the disaster to his paper from the spot, and "beaten" every other morning journal in the city.

The other new reporter tendered me a great deal of advice, as new reporters are fond of doing when they obtain a still newer subject.

"Whatever occurs," he said, "you must always get your news to the paper in time for publication; should you fail, it would inevitably insure your discharge. No matter what happens,—if you have to run all the way from Harlem, or swim from Staten Island,—you are expected to get your news in on time, at all hazards and under all circumstances. It's no excuse if you are run over by a railroad train, or are waylaid by a highwayman. You should have looked out for such occurrences, and made arrangements to send your copy by a messenger, they will tell you. Why, if a ten-story building should fall on you, the editor would be quite indignant if you did not write him half a column of

"Experiences of a Survivor!"

I since learned, from several years' experience,

that was my first day as a reporter for one of the great New York morning newspapers. I had been sitting in the City Room since noon, waiting patiently for assignment to duty. I had read through a copy of that day's paper half a dozen times at

that the other reporter had exaggerated matters a trifle; but his warning made a deep impression upon me at the time, and I made up my mind that no obstacle in my path should ever prove insurmountable when I was in possession of news that my paper wanted.

Finally, the other new reporter was dispatched to ascertain why an ambulance alarm had been sent out from a building in Wall Street, and my turn came next. I heard my name called by the city editor, and I entered his office in great trepidation. The city editor held an afternoon paper in his hand. As I came in, he took up a pair of big scissors, deftly stabbed the paper in a vital part, and with a practiced slash right and left he cut out a slip about two inches square, which he handed to me. It was a dispatch from Princeton, New Jersey, relating to a change in the faculty of the college.

"Take the next train to Princeton," said the city editor, "see Dr. McCosh, the president of the college, ask him if this is true, and come right back here. You will have just time to catch the 4.30 train down there," he continued, rapidly turning the pages of a railroad guide, "and you may be able to take the 7.30 back, if you are lucky enough to find Dr. McCosh at once. If you don't get the 7.30 train, there is one at 8.30, and the last leaves at 10.30. If you miss that train, telegraph your facts; and remember that your dispatch must be in the office by one o'clock at the very latest, or it will be too late for publication."

Never have I felt weighted down with so much responsibility, before or since, as when I left that office and rapidly took my way down to the ferry at the foot of Cortlandt Street. All the way out to Princeton, I was conjuring up hideous contingencies that might arise to prevent my seeing Dr. McCosh, or if I did see him, to interfere with my obtaining the information I desired; or if I accomplished that much of my task, to hinder me from reaching the office in time with my news. When I reached Princeton, however, I began to feel my importance as the agent upon whom thousands of readers were unconsciously dependent for a part of the news of the next day; and it was with considerable boldness that I rang the bell of the great philosopher's residence on the edge of the college grounds.

Now came the first of a series of misfortunes that befell me that night. The servant who opened the

door informed me that Dr. McCosh was dining out. It was his custom, she said, to return home some time between nine and ten o'clock,—though he might remain much later, and it was not by any means certain that he would be back before midnight. It was evident that I could not return by either the half-past seven or half-past eight o'clock train, and that I might not obtain an interview in time for the half-past ten train, the last of all. Already I saw failure staring me in the face. The servant did not know where her master was dining, or I should have hunted him up. There was nothing to do but to wait. I lounged about the University Hotel corridors, in a fever of anxiety, waiting for the hour of half-past nine to arrive, when I had determined to make my next call at the professor's residence. He had not reached home then, and I made four trips to his door before he finally did arrive at a quarter-past ten o'clock. I felt with apprehension that I should barely have time to speak to him before it would be necessary for me to rush away, if I were to go back to New York by the half-past ten train.

The venerable philosopher received me with courtesy, and, after reading the slip that the city editor had cut from the afternoon paper, he informed me that the dispatch was a misstatement, adding a few words of comment. Barely thanking him, I ran from the parlor to catch the train.

Horrors! As I emerged from the shadow of the tall University buildings, and glanced in the direction of the railroad station only a short distance away, I saw the red light upon the rear end of the train just moving out upon the track. I did not confine myself to the paths, but, totally unheeding all placarded warnings to "keep off the grass," I flew over lawns and hedges, fell down an embankment, and sped after the train. When I reached the station, the red light was swiftly bobbing eastward a quarter of a mile away. I was completely overcome at this, and I remember having a distinct regret that the solace of tears was denied my sex. All my future seemed blighted. I felt that life was no longer worth living! Suddenly I remembered the city editor's injunction to telegraph, if I missed the train, and I rushed into the station. A porter was just turning out the light and locking the doors. He told me that there was no telegraph office in the station, but that there was one in the University Hotel. I ran for that hostelry as if it were a city of refuge and I a hunted felon. I was there informed that the office closed at eight o'clock, and that the operator had gone home.

The hotel clerk saw such blank despair written in my countenance, that he asked me, sympathetically:

"Is it an important message you want to send?"

"Important!" I gasped, hoarsely. "Important! Did I understand you to ask if it was '*important?*'" and, words utterly failing to express how important it was, I sank speechless into a chair.

"Because," continued the clerk, kindly, "you might go over to the operator's boarding-house and ask him to come over here and send it."

Without another word I bolted through the door before I remembered that I did not know where the operator lived. The clerk ran out after me; and, as in my bewildered condition I was unable to comprehend his directions, he sent a porter with me to show me the road. The operator lived half a mile away; and when I reached his boarding-house, every one had been in bed for two hours. I applied myself to the bell-knob with so much energy, however, that there was a head sticking out of every window in the front of the house in very short order. The landlady informed me, when I made my mission known, that the telegraph operator had gone to a party in another part of the village; and I was so staggered by this new misfortune that I sat down on the doorstep in a dazed condition.

"Is it an important message?" the landlady inquired, sympathetically.

"Important!" I groaned; "is it *important?*" And the English language again proving deficient, I stopped short.

I looked at my watch, and my hair actually rose on end. It was fifteen minutes after eleven o'clock, and if my news were not in the office at one o'clock, I would be "left" on my first assignment to duty. My companion, the hotel porter, had been regarding me with pity, and he now suggested that we go to the house where the party was held and ask the operator to return with us to the hotel.

"We must run all the way!" I said. And run we did.

We found a small house, brilliantly lighted, set back among the trees, the strains of gay music floating through the open windows. On the verandas I caught glimpses of the village gallants with white-robed maidens by their sides, chatting sweetly in the moonlight, and flying figures were momentarily outlined upon the curtains. I stood not upon ceremony, but rushed into the hall, where other young people were sitting upon the stairs and a group of pretty girls were looking in at the parlor doors over one another's shoulders. As in a dream, I observed, from the one hurried glance I cast into the room, three musicians with violin, bass-viol, and flute, perched upon a platform in a corner of the room, two sets of dancers performing a quadrille in the front and back parlors, while a row of old ladies admired them from a sofa.

Panting, perspiring, and breathless, I addressed the group of pretty girls at the door.

"Where—is—the—tel—e—graph—op—e—ra—tor?" I gasped.

They started back in alarm, but I repeated my question in a tone of such agonized entreaty that they all pointed him out at once. The operator was a nice-looking young fellow, and he was dancing with a merry and rosy-cheeked girl at the other end of the back parlor, just in front of the sofa-load of old ladies. These incidents I recalled afterward. I did not think of them then, nor of anything else, save the ghastly possibility of failing to get my message to my office in time for publication.

Just as the leader of the orchestra called, "Sides forward!" I made a rush across the room and seized the telegraph operator by the coat-lapel.

"Hotel!—message!" was all I could say at first, but I finally managed to explain coherently that he must come at once to his office and send a telegraph dispatch.

"That's no go," said the operator. "The hotel instrument only connects with the passenger station at the junction; and that office was closed at eight o'clock, when mine was. There's no telegraph connection from the village at all."

I almost dropped into the lap of one of the old ladies on the sofa, and exclaimed piteously:

"What shall I do?"

The rosy-cheeked girl looked at me with sympathy, and the operator asked:

"Is it an important message?"

"Important!" I cried. "Do you suppose I'm running about the village like this for fun?"

"You might send your message from the freight office at the junction, you know," he said. "You can get a horse at the livery stable and go over there without much trouble; and that office is kept open all night."

Without waiting to express my thanks, I rushed for the door, the dancers hurriedly making way for me under the impression, I suppose, that life and death hung upon my speed. I seized the porter, who was waiting in the hall under a similar impression.

"Livery stable," I exclaimed. "Quick!"

We ran all the way to that establishment, through the village, and burst into the office headlong. A sleepy hostler was in charge, and to him I stated my errand.

"It's no use," he said, languidly; "all the drivers have gone home, and all our horses have been out to-day."

"I can't help that," I cried in a frenzy. "I must have a horse to get me to the junction to send a telegraph message."

"Is it important?" the hostler asked. I only glared at him savagely.

"Because," he continued, "if you know how to ride, I've got a saddle-horse here, but he's hardly been out of the stable for a week, and he feels pretty well. If you can ride 'im, I'll let you take him over there."

Fortunately, I was a good rider; but had I been the veriest tyro in horsemanship, I should not have hesitated, under the circumstances, to mount the horse *Daredevil*, the vicious steed of the roisterer *Brom Bones*, of whom Irving wrote in "*The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*."

"Saddle that horse as quick as you can," I said. "Don't lose a minute."

While the hostler was gone into the stable, I looked at my watch, which marked fifteen minutes to midnight, leaving me an hour and a quarter to get to the telegraph office and write and send my message, and I began to feel light-hearted again, for it was only three miles to the junction. A new terror suddenly possessed me. What if I should lose my way! And, horrors! what if the telegraph operator should be sick, or the office on fire, or the wires cut!

Just then the stableman led in the horse.

As soon as the beast caught sight of the half-opened door, he bolted for it, dragging the hostler with him; and it was only with the assistance of myself and the porter that the animal could be restrained until the door was closed. He was a big, black horse, with a white blaze down his face, and a wicked eye; but I noticed with satisfaction that he was powerful and ambitious.

"You'd better mount him inside here, sir," said the hostler; "I don't believe I could hold him outside."

He could n't hold the animal inside, either; but, after the beast had dragged the man around the carriage-house two or three times, the porter came to the hostler's assistance, and the two managed to keep the horse steady long enough for me to spring upon his back. I settled myself firmly into the saddle, got my feet balanced in the stirrups, and took a strong hold of the reins. Then the porter opened the door while the hostler struggled alone at the bit, and the black horse and myself shot out into the street as if we had been thrown from a catapult. The horse took me four blocks up through the village in exactly the opposite direction from the junction before I could stop him; and when I finally turned his head and he bolted in the right direction, I suddenly remembered that I did not know the proper road to take. The beast carried me down to the railroad station, however, and as luck—or, to use a German idiom, *unluck*, as I afterward thought—would have it, I

found a man there, who, for and in consideration of half a dollar, walked over with me and showed me what direction to take. Out upon this road I went flying.

The black horse was a good one. He vented all his enthusiasm on the first half mile, and then settled down into a long, steady sweep that carried us over the level road at a speed with which my spirits rose at every stride. But after I had gone over a distance that I estimated at fully two miles, I began to feel an apprehension that I was going wrong. I did not hear any of the sounds of passing trains, nor could I catch sight of any of the colored lights that always mark railroad switches in the vicinity of a junction, and I knew that if I were on the right road I should already have discovered some of these indications. I determined to inquire at the next house. The houses were few and far between, and every one was as dark without as if it had never been inhabited. But I rode boldly in at the next farmyard and pounded on the front door of the house with the handle of my riding-whip. That waked up a dog with a basso-profundus voice, which in turn waked up its master. That individual put his head out of a second-story window and demanded in very surly tones to know what I wanted. I asked him if I was on the right road to Princeton junction.

"What d' ye want to go to Princeton junction for?" he inquired.

I had a strong inclination to tell him that that was none of his business, but, as he had the advantage of me, I responded:

"I want to send a telegraph message."

Before I had concluded the sentence, the thought flashed across my mind, "Now he'll ask me if it's important, and if he does, I'll break one of his windows." But he did n't; he only said:

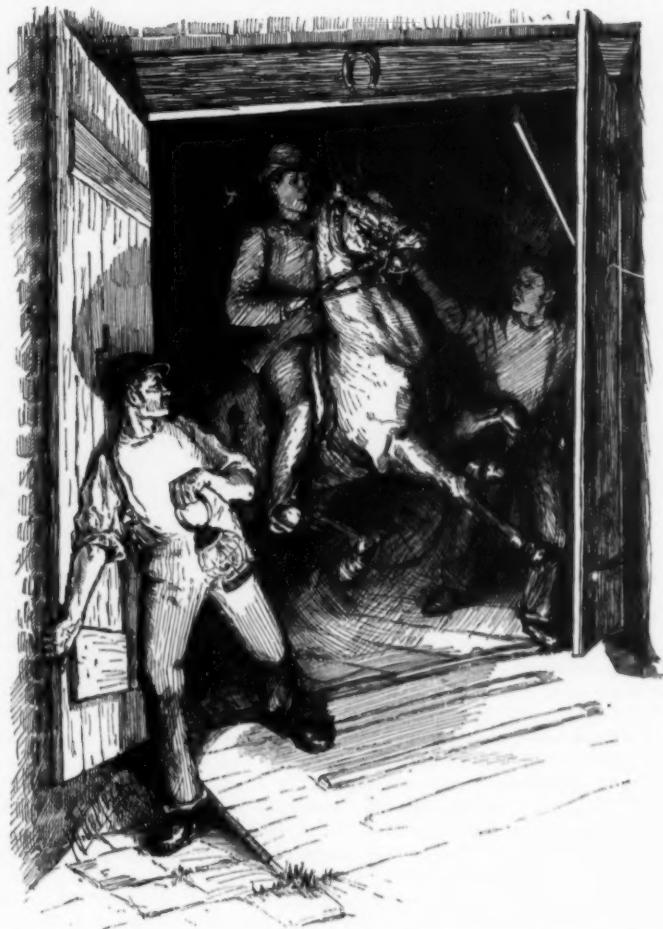
"Well, you 're on the wrong road. You must go back to Princeton, an' take the first road to the left of this one, down by the railroad station."

I well-nigh fainted in the saddle.

"How far over is the junction road from this one?" I asked feebly.

"Half a mile across the fields," he replied, and shut down the window.

With a sinking heart, I took out my watch,



"THE BLACK HORSE AND MYSELF SHOT OUT INTO THE STREET AS IF WE HAD BEEN THROWN FROM A CATAPULT."

lighted a match with great difficulty, owing to the black horse's lack of sympathy with the undertaking, and found that it was eleven minutes after twelve o'clock. It seemed out of the question to

pursue the chase any farther, and I was on the point of giving up, when a new idea came to me. It was but half a mile 'cross country to the junction road, and but a mile after that to the telegraph office. The moon had come up and the night was clear, and my horse seemed possessed of so good mettle that I decided to risk his merits as a steeple-chaser, and to put him across the fields and over the intervening fences.

I slid down carefully from the horse's back and led him out toward the barn, walking him on the grass so as not to attract the attention of the farmer, who might have had a prejudice against my galloping over his crops. The barnyard had a big red gate that I opened with some difficulty, and closed behind me after I had led the black horse through. A long lane now stretched out before me into a cow-pasture with a fence on the other side. I mounted, galloped out of the lane and across the pasture, and put my horse at the fence with the utmost confidence. He made a rush for it and then displayed his lack of education by turning, as he reached the rails, and running alongside. Having started 'cross country, however, there was nothing to do but to keep on. Accordingly, I dismounted and took the fence down. It was a rail fence, five feet high, and I felt sorry when I thought of how that farmer would probably feel when he discovered it the next day,—because I did n't have time to stop and put it up again. In all probability I should have felt worse if the farmer had caught me in the act; but I am willing to let by-gones be by-gones, and I here-with tender him my most humble apologies for taking liberties with his property.

I led the black horse through the breach, and then another misfortune befell me. While I was taking down the fence I held the beast by putting my arm through the bridle-rein that I had taken off his neck. When I attempted to put the reins back over his head previous to mounting again, the black horse seized this most inopportune occasion to have some fun with me. He backed away to the end of the reins and refused to let me approach him, backing just far enough to keep me their length away; and so for five precious minutes we moved about in a circle over that

moonlit field. I was well-nigh frantic, but I did not dare give vent to my rage for fear of inspiring the black demon to further demonstrations, and I was forced to the hypocrisy of murmuring in gentle tones, "Good horse, nice fellow," and similar expressions of esteem and affection. But even then—outraged, angry, impatient and anxious as I was—I could not help smiling when I thought of how Dickens described Nathaniel Winkle's similar experience with the tall horse upon the occasion of that memorable journey of the Pickwick Club to Dingley Dell.

Finally, I backed the horse into a corner of the fence, succeeded in mounting him again, and galloped over a meadow to another fence. It was a board fence, and I easily kicked the boards off after dismounting, and cantered on. To make a long story short, I took down four rail fences and kicked down two board fences before I finally reached the other road; and three times did that stony-hearted animal waste my valuable time by unseemly playfulness when I attempted to mount him after these exploits.

Once on the right road, I put the black horse to his speed, and thundered up to the junction like a tornado in an enveloping cloud of dust. It was just fourteen minutes to one o'clock when I ran into the telegraph office; and I rapidly wrote a few lines, the operator sending them over the wire as I wrote. He concluded just as the pointers of the dial marked one o'clock.

Then I mounted the black horse and rode a race home with my shadow. But I was filled with dismal forebodings that my dispatch had not reached the paper in time; and the ride had no charms for me. I went to bed at the hotel after ordering that a paper be sent to my room the first thing in the morning, and dreamed steadily all night that my dispatch had been received too late.

Therefore, when the paper was hurled over the transom of the door the next morning, it was with a sense of unutterable relief that I read my "interview" with Dr. McCosh (it made about five lines of nonpareil on the first page), before getting out of bed. But the city editor of that paper will never know how near he came to losing that piece of news until he reads this story.

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WORKING MONKEYS.

BY OLIVE THORNE MILLER.



"ROCK-A-BYE BABY ON THE TREE TOP."

MONKEYS are very much like people in their ways. Whether the fact pleases us or not, we are obliged to admit it.

The baby monkey—droll little bundle of fur that it is—acts wonderfully like the darlings of our nurseries. It puts its fingers in its mouth, and it creeps on the ground; it plays with toys, and it laughs when tickled; it weeps when grieved, and it screams when angry; it moans when ill, cooed when caressed, and squalls when left alone,—exactly as do human little folk.

When it is a little older, it plays and quarrels, drums on hollow logs to make a noise, jumps, swings, and performs feats of strength so like

those in which our own youngsters delight as to be amazing to one who sees them.

Yet they are "full of mischief," we always say; and people chain them up or shut them in cages, where they fret themselves nearly wild. It is pitiful to see the restless creatures with nothing to help pass away the tedious hours; and it is not necessary that it should be so.

Should pet monkeys, then, be allowed to smash the vases, scrub the wax-dolls, choke the baby, and perform the thousand other pranks their four busy hands fairly ache to do?

No, indeed! There's a better way. They can be cured of mischief just as two-handed little

people are—by giving them something to do; by teaching them to work.

This is not so hard a task as one might think. Monkeys that live with people are always imitating what they see done, and work is as easy to learn as mischief—if one only thinks so. Why, then, should they not be taught to work? Long ago, in Egypt, it was discovered that four hands can be more useful than two, when properly trained. In those far-off days our four-handed relative was employed in certain services about the gardens. He it was, instead of a clumsy man-servant, who was sent into the trees to gather figs and other fruits. He handed them down to his master below, as we learn from the old sculptures; though, to be sure, the picture-story does not fail to add that he did not entirely forget himself, and that many a tempting morsel found its way into his mouth. Would a boy have done any better?

This useful Egyptian servant belonged to the baboons, or dog-headed monkeys; and although when young the baboons are good-tempered enough and easily taught, their experience of life makes them cross, so that an old baboon is one of the ugliest of animals.

Monkeys in our own days do such wonders that perhaps we have no reason to doubt the story, told by an old writer, of one which used to be sent regularly to buy wine. This animal was a coaita, one of the spider monkeys, which are able to walk upright without much trouble. When sent on his errand, he had the jug in one hand and the money in the other, and he was wise enough to keep the money till the wine was ready, when he would pay for it and carry it home.

Nothing is harder work than playing for the amusement of other people; and more than two hundred years ago monkeys were taken to England to perform there in shows. They were dressed in fine clothes, in the fashion of the day, and they behaved with perfect propriety. They saluted the guests and one another by taking off their hats and bowing politely; they danced together the stately minuet and other fashionable dances, and they imitated many other social ceremonies.

They also did other things more difficult, if not quite so dignified. They performed on the tight-rope, and turned somersaults with lighted candles or baskets of eggs in their hands, without putting out a light or spilling an egg. An old English writer, Evelyn, who kept a diary, tells about a visit he paid to these learned animals.

In our day, the monkey has not escaped from work,—in fact, he is learning to do more every day; and the time may perhaps come when he will be a common worker. In one part of Africa he is

taught many useful tasks about a house,—such as holding the torches, which are used there to light up the room for a feast. Several monkeys are placed on a bench, each with his light to hold. There they must sit, and see others eat and drink and have merry times, while they dare not stir hand or foot lest they put out the lights. If they are very good, when the feast is over they have a supper themselves. But sometimes one gets tired and impatient, and flings his torch among the guests, and that monkey gets something else instead of his supper.

One of the most teachable of the race is the chimpanzee. In their native land young chimpanzees are caught when mere babies, and are taught to be very useful. They are able to carry pitchers of water on their heads as the people do, and to keep a fire going, or to watch the cooking. When they live among white people, they learn to sweep and dust, to clean boots and brush clothes.

Should they go to sea, they still contrive to be useful at furling sails and hauling ropes with the sailors; and if their home is with carpenters, they become equally expert with tools, even using hammer and nails properly.

Monkeys are quick to learn politeness and refined manners, for nothing seems to please them so much as to copy the ways of those about them. It is easy to teach them to eat with knife and fork, to drink from a cup or glass, and to use a napkin; they like it, too, and soon relish our food, and show likes and dislikes as strong as the most notional "spoiled child" in America.

They take kindly to other ways of ours,—they enjoy sleeping in beds, and soon learn to "make them up." They like to be warmly dressed, and can readily learn to dress themselves; and they have their own tastes in colors.

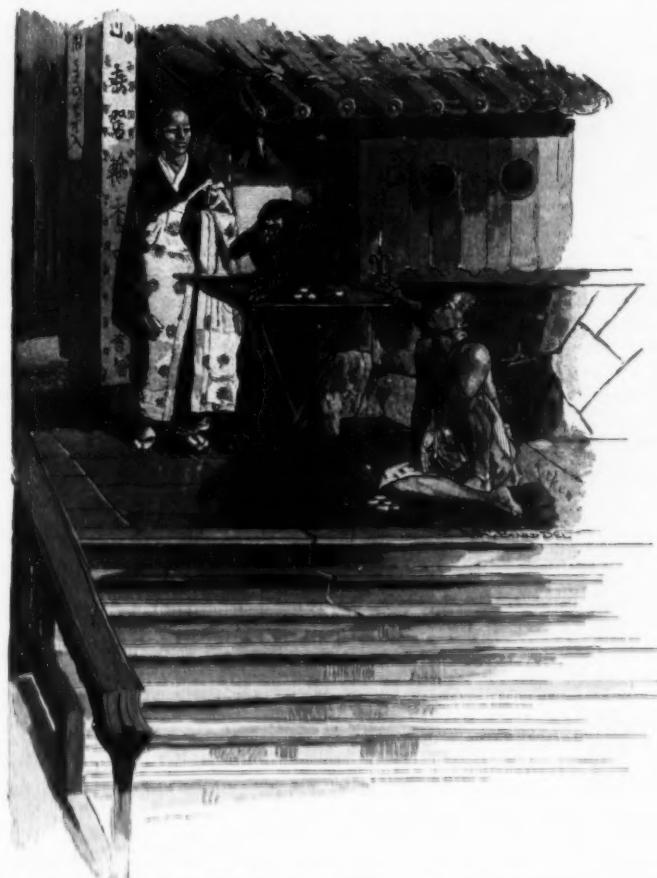
In the Island of Sumatra the common monkey is the bruh, or pig-tailed monkey, and he becomes a docile and intelligent servant. What he has to do is to gather cocoanuts. Of course, nothing is easier for a four-handed fellow than to climb the tall trees and throw down nuts; but the bruh does better than that: he selects the nuts, gathering none but the ripe ones; and, what is more, he picks only as many as his master wishes.

So useful is this animal, that gathering nuts has become, one may say, his trade, in that part of the world. A man having captured and trained a gang of them, marches them around the country to get in the harvest, hiring them out on different plantations. Then, when the nuts are all picked, or the laborers too numerous, gangs of them are taken to the English colonies at Cape Town, and hired out like any workmen, or coolies, as they are called.

A Siamese ape has reached a step higher, it is said. The story is told by an Austrian who lived in Siam that this ape is able to tell by the taste whether coin is good or bad, and merchants employ him for the purpose of detecting counterfeits.

Within a few months a gentleman of India has tried his hand at training monkeys, and he reports

Another valuable monkey is the chacma of Africa. When young, this baboon is very teachable, and is often kept by the Kaffirs as a domestic animal. He takes the place of a dog, growling when a stranger comes near; and if it becomes necessary to defend his master's property, he is much stronger than any dog.



SIAMESE MERCHANTS EMPLOY THE APE FOR THE PURPOSE OF DETECTING COUNTERFEITS.

to the Asiatic Society of Bengal his success in teaching them to pull punkahs. A punkah — perhaps you know — is an immense fan, hung from the ceiling, and moved back and forth by means of a rope outside the room. It keeps a whole room cool, and in that climate is necessary to enable a white man to eat or sleep with any comfort. A monkey who can pull one, then, is as useful as a man, and is a true worker.

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The chacma easily learns to blow the bellows of a smith, and to drive horses or oxen; but his greatest use in that country is to find water.

In the hot season, when the earth is parched, and springs and streams are dry, the owner of a tame chacma takes him out to hunt for the water they all must have.

The intelligent monkey seems to know what is wanted, or perhaps he knows by his own feelings

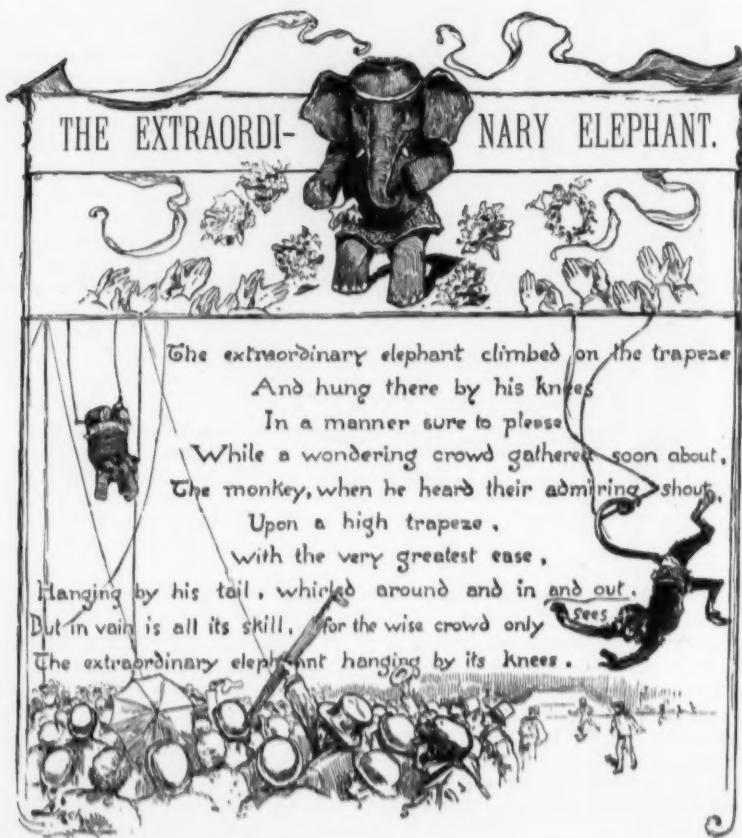
what to look for, and he goes carefully over the ground, looking earnestly at every tuft of grass, and eagerly sniffing the breeze on every side. Whether he scents it or not is not known, but if there is water in the neighborhood, he is sure to find it. It may be a deep spring, in which case he sets to work digging down to it; and it may be a certain very juicy root, which often serves instead of water. He gets that out also; and let us hope he has his full share of it, to pay for his work.

Like the rest of the monkey family, the chacma gets very ugly as he grows older. An English gentleman who spent some time among the Kafirs tells of an old chacma which liked to play jokes, rushing at the women as they went by,

seizing them by the ankles, and acting as fiercely as if he were about to eat them up.

The thing he liked best, however, was a little animal—a young dog, for instance—to pet and "play baby" with. He would hug it and dandle it, as a girl does a doll, till the puppy made too much resistance, and then he would seize one leg or the tail, swing his pet around once or twice, and fling it far away.

The latest report of a monkey that works comes from Florida. It is a chimpanzee, trained to wait at table; and its owner says it does the work of four negro waiters. It wears a livery, and carries a napkin in the proper way. Its only weakness is so irresistible a fondness for sweets that it is obliged to take toll as it serves them.



THE KING AND THE STUDENTS.

BY ALBERT MORRIS BAGBY.

THE Germans are naturally a warm-hearted and hospitable people. They deem it a mark of politeness to be attentive to the strangers or visitors who come among them; and in their friendly desire to make one feel at home, they not infrequently become as inquisitive in their attentions and inquiries as the traditional "Yankee." Some forty years ago, two young men, an Englishman and an American, were fellow-students at Heidelberg. At that time Bavaria was a separate kingdom and not a part of the German Empire, as at present. Its King was Ludwig I. He was the grandfather of the eccentric King Ludwig who only a few months ago so sadly ended his own life.

Ludwig I. was a pleasant, unassuming monarch, who cared more for literature and art than for ruling a kingdom.

The two student friends determined, during one of their vacations, to spend a week at Munich, the capital of Bavaria, a hundred and fifty miles or more to the southeast of Heidelberg.

The young men had never before visited the beautiful Bavarian capital, and they passed their week very pleasantly in sight-seeing. One morning about ten o'clock they started for a government building, but soon lost their way, and so they requested the first man they met to direct them to the right street. He did so in a few words, and then said:

"You seem to be strangers to the city, gentlemen." The young Englishman replied that they were.

"And where are you from?" continued the Bavarian.

"I am from London," replied the Englishman.

"And your friend?" turning to the American.

"Philadelphia," answered the young Pennsylvanian.

"Ah, indeed!" said their new acquaintance; "you have come a long distance." He then questioned the young American closely about his native country, and seemed to have a better acquaintance with it than most foreigners have. He inquired about the student's family, what he was doing in Europe, where and what he was studying. After he had finished with the American, he put the Englishman through a similar examination. When he was quite through, the young men were so much amused at the conversation, that the Englishman said laughingly to him:

"Now, we have told you all about ourselves, pray tell us who are you?"

"King Ludwig I. of Bavaria," said the inquisitive acquaintance, quietly.

This unexpected reply was at once taken as a joke by both the young men, who roared with laughter; and the Englishman even gave the stranger a hearty slap between the shoulders, exclaiming:

"Yes, sir. You are King Ludwig,—just about as much as I am!"

"Gentlemen!" said he with dignity, and he proudly drew himself up to his full height, "I am the King of Bavaria!"

There was no mistaking the tone of voice now. The plain, unassuming citizen had indeed suddenly become the King. In an instant, the young men stood with uncovered heads before him, and bowed low. The King took a memorandum-book from his side pocket, wrote a few lines, tore out the page, and handed it to the Englishman.

"I have already directed you to the building," said he. "Present this at the door, and you will receive every courtesy. I hope you may have a pleasant sojourn in Munich. I wish you good-morning, gentlemen."

With that he lifted his hat and left them. The students stood looking after him as if petrified; for they had not stirred since removing their hats, and both were too much astonished to think of asking pardon for their rudeness until it was too late. They found the building, presented the slip of paper, and were treated with marked deference wherever they went.

Now comes the strangest part of the story. Ten years later, the Englishman was again in Munich, and dined one day with a celebrated Bavarian general. He related this incident of his first visit to the city. As he ended, the general said:

"What you have described occurred ten years ago?—and on such and such a day? Well, I dined with the King at the palace on that precise date. There were probably twenty people present, and he told us his morning adventure,—the same story that you have just related,—and laughed quite heartily at it, too! I remember the incident well."

Proof from so good a quarter left no doubt as to the identity of the inquisitive King; and the Englishman, who is now an old man, still takes pleasure in recalling the incident of his student life, and of the day when he so unceremoniously slapped the back of King Ludwig of Bavaria.

JUAN AND JUANITA.

BY FRANCES COURtenay BAYLOR.

CHAPTER VI.

THE next few days passed without bringing any serious mishaps or startling adventures to the children. On the first and second days they were so fortunate as to come upon one small stream in process — happily, not completed — of drying up, and two pools, all that remained of similar streams. In the heat of the day they lay by and further refreshed themselves by taking a nap. They saw deer and turkeys in the distance, and more than once, quite near, a wolf, which showed its teeth savagely when Amigo ran after it. Juan and Nita were in terror lest he should be killed, and were not too sure that they might not share the same fate; but the coyote always fell back on its reinforcements without risking a pitched battle. When the children came up, the wolves would slink off, leaving Amigo a kind of cheap victor, admired as much for his prudence as for his courage. On the third day they were blessed with cloudy skies, and seemed, moreover, to have got into a little belt of country where the drought had not been so severe. It was delightful to see how much greener the foliage and grass looked, and the wild flowers fairly carpeted the prairie and made of it a vast garden. Nita, who loved flowers, was enraptured by their variety and beauty, and was always begging Juan to stop and look at this or that one, quite without success. They walked for miles and miles through what seemed a sea of lupines, the long, wave-like undulations of the plains creating the most exquisite effects of light and shade. At sunset they came upon a lovely little lake guarded by three tall cotton-woods that seemed to be etched against the sky. Here they camped, and supped, and slept. Nita, her head pillow'd on Amigo, saw the stars shining tenderly in the placid water and idly tried to count them, but was in dreamland long before she had numbered so many as fifty of the "patines of bright gold" in the floor of heaven.

On the fourth day they had a sun that seemed the fiercer for its temporary eclipse, but by taking a slightly roundabout course, Juan struck into a fine stretch of forest, in the cool shade of which they walked for miles — indeed, until high noon. Then they leaned against two trees and fanned themselves with leaves, and when they were entirely rested, they dined, but did not make a long halt. Looking out over the broad expanse

of prairie that stretched before them, Juan saw that it offered no shelter of any kind for a great distance; he knew that the canteen was not more than half full, and he determined to travel as far as possible that evening. Nita was hurried off, therefore, as soon as it was possible to start, and she was not allowed to stop again until it was quite dark. Then he gave her an hour in which to rest and get her supper, and, to her surprise and dismay, insisted on traveling three hours longer by starlight before turning in for the night. The stars still shone when he awoke her for another day's tramp. Telling her to eat sparingly, for a full meal would require full rations of water, he announced that he meant to resume his march at once.

"Why, it is n't light yet! and I am so sleepy and so tired, dear Juan! Do go to sleep again," remonstrated Nita, not understanding what was the need for all this haste.

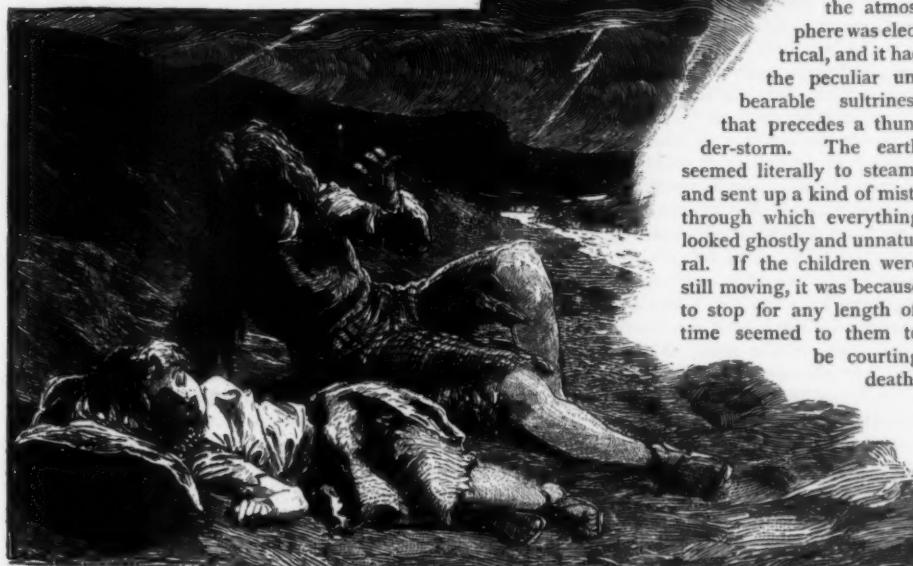
But Juan, fortunately, was firm, and by his decision doubtless saved their lives. "Don't eat any honey," he also said to Nita; but this command she thought absurd and tyrannical, and helped herself to a good big piece when his back was turned. The very last drop of water was given to Amigo before they started, the children having had their share previously.

They had made about ten miles when up came their enemy, the sun, strong and fierce and bright, and ready for his day's journey, while they were already tired and thirsty. After a brief rest they went on again, but their steps and spirits flagged sadly in the next four hours, the first getting slower and the last dropping lower with every moment spent under the almost vertical rays of that relentless sun. At last they sunk down together in the open plain, and looked around them wearily. For about an hour they sat there in silence and patient suffering; and then, very gradually, a merciful veil of thin clouds was drawn over the brazen heavens, and mitigated their wretchedness. It seemed possible again to live and breathe, although the air was still so sultry that they felt suffocated. Juan's mind was oppressed by anxious fears for the morrow. Look as he would, he could see no evidence of forest or stream, and the day's experience had shown him what he had to expect with no shelter, no water, and that sun shining, perhaps, full upon him from dawn until dark. The more he thought of it, the more unhappy he grew; and the result showed

how well founded were his apprehensions. His solicitude for Nita added fifty-fold to his anxieties, especially when he learned that her greater thirst was caused by her having eaten of the forbidden honey, and he was quite harsh to her when she proposed to camp where they were. As soon as it grew cooler, they entered upon a long and very fatiguing march, for darkness and night were now precious. It was imperatively necessary that they should traverse as much as possible of that apparently boundless prairie. Nita was only allowed an interval of two hours' sleep, after which they took a very early breakfast in the dark, to strengthen them for their journey, and bravely set off again. In spite of these energetic measures and wise precautions, noon found the travelers still in the plain,



the atmosphere was electrical, and it had the peculiar unbearable sultriness that precedes a thunder-storm. The earth seemed literally to steam, and sent up a kind of mist, through which everything looked ghostly and unnatural. If the children were still moving, it was because to stop for any length of time seemed to them to be courting death.



which seemed like a lava-bed, still exposed to the terrific power of a sun such as we of more temperate climes can have no conception of, physically exhausted, suffering agonies of thirst, yet still moving on slowly. How their hearts had sunk as they watched that sun rise! With what dread had they seen it mount higher and higher, and how fully had all their expectations of evil been realized! The air they breathed seemed to scorch them, and was as hot and dry as though it had come from a furnace. The condition of



HE WAS ROUSED BY A PEAL OF THUNDER. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

About four o'clock, during one of their short halts, Juan was looking drearily before him and thinking the most despairing thoughts, when all at once a moving object arrested his attention. It was so distant that it was a mere speck, but with the quickness and accuracy of vision that was partly natural to him, partly acquired, he soon made out that it was an antelope running across the plain. He knew it by its smooth, sheep-like gait; and he continued to regard it with the interest that attaches to every living thing in the wilds. He pointed it out to Nita, and told her what he thought of it. His voice sounded hollow and strange, and he spoke with great difficulty, his throat being swollen and parched. Nita's eyes followed the direction indicated by his outstretched finger, and while they were still looking, it suddenly loomed up in the air until it appeared as large as a camel, and then disappeared. Nita gave a hoarse scream, threw her arms around Juan's neck, hid her face on his shoulder, and trembled in every limb. Juan, who would have faced any danger that he understood, was almost as much frightened. Yet they had nothing to fear, at least in that quarter, for this was the fantastic effect of mirage. Not knowing this, Juan was surprised and delighted, about half an hour later, to see a beautiful crystal lake on his right. How it sparkled in the sun, and with what passionate eagerness he seized Nita's hand, and drew her on toward it! They could see it so plainly, set like a great jewel in the plain, the very ripples in it, and the rushes and sedges that grew along its margin reflected in it as in a mirror, the trees that grew beside it, the white cranes standing in it! In a frenzy of hope they first hurried and then hobbled on, and on, until at last they reached it.

But, alas! It was all a delusion, or, rather, illusion! And if it was one to tempt and tantalize a traveler under ordinary circumstances, what was it to two perishing children, who had not had a drop of water for thirty-six hours? When Juan came to it and found only a ravine and a few whitened bones, his disappointment was so intense that he threw himself down on the earth with a loud bitter cry, and could only groan when Nita came up to him. One thing she understood without explanation,—there was no water. Without a moan she dropped down by him. The same thought was in the minds of both: this was the end. There they lay for a long while, and despair brought with it calmness. "Our poor mother!" said Nita in a whisper, and then, seeing that tears were running down Juan's cheeks, she took his hand, saying, "Poor Juan!" closed her eyes, and never expected to open them again.

But the children were not destined to perish

then nor there. Before they set out for the ravine, there was in a distant part of the heavens a small cloud, that grew and extended in a way that must have attracted their notice had they not been absorbed in their quest of the lovely lake; and so, when succor seemed impossible and hope had died out in their hearts, help was at hand, and came from a most unexpected source.

Juan finally opened his eyes and looked at Nita. The sight of her lying there so white, haggard, altered, her breath coming in little labored gasps from between her parted lips, filled him with a new horror, and the remembrance of the patience with which she had borne all the agony and torment of the last two days wrung his heart with anguish. He could do nothing to help her, and with a deep groan he turned away from her and covered his face with his hands. He was roused by a peal of thunder that penetrated even to his veiled consciousness. He sat up, dizzy and confused. A flash of lightning lit up all the plain.

Now he saw with kindling rapture that all the heavens were black above him, and he knew that they were saved! His mind cleared, he could act and think once more. He picked Nita up, and staggered with her into the ravine. Looking down it, he saw a place where the bank had probably been undermined at high water and formed a kind of overhanging pentroof. Here he put his pack and the bows, and returned to Nita. For a few minutes they sat there with their faces turned up to the sky, thirsting, with longing that can not be conceived unless it has been felt, for what the clouds withheld; then a sudden blast of wind swept through the ravine, whirling before it pebbles and sticks from the bed of the dead stream, cacti and bushes from its brink, and then, all at once, down came the blessed, blessed rain!

It fell in torrents with positive fury. It lashed the earth and rocks in exulting rage. Its violence was terrible; all the thunders of heaven seemed poured out in the air; all its lightnings stabbed the darkness and threatened the earth. It was magnificent, awful. But the children did not heed it, or dread it, or fly from it. They received it kneeling with reverence and deep gratitude, as a godsend, which it was. Their burning bodies were drenched by it, their burning lips and throats sucked it up greedily as it fell, and they felt that they had never known what water was before. Their scorching lungs drew in its sweet moisture, full of all healing; their very hearts and souls rejoiced and were glad.

The children thought that Amigo must distrust the water supply of the region, and wish to provide for possible emergencies in the future, for he was always breaking away from them and run-

ning down below to lap up a few mouthfuls and gaze reflectively at the swift little stream that was now rushing over the pebbled bed of the ravine. The water that the earth could not absorb had poured into this natural drain in such quantities that it was rapidly growing into a torrent.

Juan spread his blanket on the ground, and he and Nita seated themselves on it. It made a nice carpet for them during supper, and a waterproof bed when sleeping-time came—a bed that Amigo graciously shared with them for fully ten hours.

And what a lovely world it was on which they opened their eyes the next morning! As fresh as though it had just been created, and everything in it seemed singing for joy. How changed the aspect of nature! The very heavens seemed purified; the loveliest tints of unsuspected green had been brought to light all about them; every blade of grass, every leaf, had righted itself and held a dew-drop to its heart. The birds were pouring themselves out in an ecstasy of glad melody; earth, air, and sky were alike cool, calm, heavenly. Its delicious tranquillity and beauty sunk deep into the hearts of the children after the stormy emotions of the preceding day. They had suffered too keenly to be able actually to rejoice, but it was happiness enough to be out of pain and danger, and they were full of quiet content. It almost seemed that they had only dreamed of that arid waste and cruel sun.

Nita looked so pale and thoroughly "done up" that Juan was uncertain whether to go on or to call a halt; but the noisy, impetuous stream that they had heard rushing off into darkness as they were falling asleep the night before, had already dwindled to an ordinary brook, soon, Juan knew, to disappear again. And, although the deep pools cut in the bed of the ravine by the gravel and sand washed down at flood-tide would give them water for several days, Juan had a nervous dread of trusting to these alone. He was afraid to stop where there was no lasting supply of water, and he was reminded at breakfast that there was not much food left. So he determined to make a short march, and, if possible, get shade for Nita before noon. As they walked away, he noticed that whereas on the previous day he had not seen a single rabbit or squirrel, they seemed now to have sprung out of the earth in mysterious plenty, and were scampering about in high glee.

The children had gone only about three miles when they came to a single fine oak crowning a knoll; and while Nita sat below under the pleasant, wide-spreading branches, Juan climbed up in it and reconnoitered the country. He was delighted to see a wood growing in the ribbon-fashion that told of a stream, and he calculated that it

was not more than seven miles distant. Other trees he saw, too, like the friendly one in which he was making these observations; so that Nita would be able to make the journey by easy stages, and to rest often.

Pleased with these discoveries, the two chatted cheerfully and walked arm and arm together for about an hour, when Juan suddenly stopped and said, "Ki!" in an astonished tone. He slipped his arm out of Nita's and walked off to the right, telling her to stay where she was. This command she ventured to disobey, and, joining him in a moment, found him staring fixedly at a long shining line drawn across the wet prairie.

"What is it? What made it?" she asked eagerly, but got no response.

Juan was following it. She followed him; and presently both came upon footprints and the marks of horses' hoofs.

"The Comanches!" exclaimed Nita, and turned livid with fright. Still no reply from Juan, who had knelt down on the ground and was all eyes.

"Made by a tent-pole," he said, at last, pointing to the serpentine trail that had at first attracted his attention. "Made since the rain. Indians; but not Comanches—I think. A hunting-party. Look at this: blood. It has probably dropped from dead game. Seven of them are mounted men, and three walked. One of them was lame and has hurt himself recently, for he threw the weight of his body on the right foot as far as possible. They have gone to that river."

"Oh, let us go back! Come! Come, Juan!" cried out Nita, and began to run in the opposite direction from that taken by the unknown travelers.

"Stop, Nita; stop!" called out Juan.

But Nita would not stop. She had Casteel for a motive-power, and got over so much ground that Juan was put to it to overtake her. When he seized her by the arm, she cried out angrily:

"Why do you stop me? Let us fly back to the ravine as fast as we can."

"Oh, no; that won't do, Nita! We can't go back there!" he said.

"Then, where shall we go?" she asked.

"We shall have to get to water," he said. "There will be no water where we came from by to-morrow, perhaps. At best, in a few days it will be all gone; and we must have food, too. Let me think." He did think, and soon gave the conclusion he had reached. "'When you set an old hound on wolves, he always takes the back track,' Casteel says. That's what I am going to do. The Indians are going to their camp with the game they have killed. They won't turn back. We shall be safer behind them than anywhere

else, if we don't go too close. I shall follow their trail until we get near the river, and then I 'll reconnoiter and see what I can see, and decide what we would best do. Come on!"

"Oh, Juan! Dearest Juan! Don't do that! You must be mad to think of it!" Nita expostulated. "They will be sure to find us and kill us. Oh, do, do, do come back to the ravine, or go somewhere! — anywhere! — except to the river!"

A brother who threw himself into the teeth of an enemy, jumped down his very throat, as it were, at one time, and stuck to his heels at another, was a brother that Nita could not understand at all. So she wept and sobbed and urged instant flight; and Juan waited patiently until her tears and terrors were somewhat abated, and then he explained again his views and intentions, kindly and affectionately; and at last Nita, unconvinced but conquered, yielded. She shivered and looked back; she shivered and looked forward; she started at the sound of Juan's voice, and trembled at her own shadow. She stopped occasionally and re-opened the question as to whether they should go on or go back; but Juan went on, and she, with many a sigh, followed. She had no other choice. About a mile from the river, Juan stopped.

"We will take our dinner under this oak," he said. "If any one comes this way, we can climb up into the tree; if no one comes, we will stay until darkness allows us to go nearer. I noticed, early this morning, that all the game we came upon was very wild. I could not understand it then. These Indians have been here for some weeks, I think. The party whose tracks we saw this morning has been off hunting a long way from here; otherwise, they would not be going back to camp at this hour of the day. They will feel quite secure, and will not be on the lookout for us. I think, if we are careful, we can creep right upon them to-night."

Juan's eyes sparkled at the idea, and he seemed to be regarding it as a great treat in store for both. But Nita took quite another view of it.

"I can't go that near, Juan. I can't, indeed! I won't! I would n't, for anything in the world, creep up to Casteel! He would see me. No woods could hide me from him. I hate him!" she said, rapidly, with a shudder, as the recollection of his figure presented itself to her mind.

"Very well, Nita; you can stay somewhere while I go. I don't believe they are Comanches; but I must find out," said Juan.

Nita was willing to take a great deal for granted where Indians were concerned, and had no desire to make further investigation; but she knew it was useless to attempt to dissuade Juan. She had but small appetite for dinner, and was a prey to the

most distressing anxieties. Suppose Juan should be killed or captured, and she left alone in the woods? What if they were to be carried off by a strange tribe to another mountain fastness, from which it would be impossible to escape? The idea of being re-enslaved, now that she had tasted the sweetness of liberty, and was full of hope for the future, was quite unbearable to Nita, and brought out a last appeal:

"Do turn back, Juan! We may as well die of thirst as be recaptured, perhaps killed."

"Oh, we are not caught yet," he coolly replied; and she wondered to see him eat his noonday meal as unconcernedly as though he were taking it at the *hacienda*. He seemed to be ravenously hungry, and could have devoured all the food they had, but prudently left two small pieces of turkey for their supper.

When dusk came, and they could travel across the open stretch of prairie that separated the *motte** of timber in which they were hiding from the woods that fringed the river, the children walked swiftly toward the point of entrance Juan had selected. Having secured the shelter afforded by this strip of forest, Juan parted the interlacing boughs of some tall thick bushes, and signed to Nita to enter. She obeyed; Amigo followed her, and Juan let the boughs swing back into place. The child and dog were completely hidden; and, satisfied of this, Juan stood still for a moment and looked about him and above him, fixing certain points in his mind. He was starting off with his own light, quick, noiseless step, when he looked around and saw that Amigo had popped out of his leafy covert, and was following him. He also heard a low, plaintive cry, "Oh, Juan, don't leave me!" from Nita.

"Go back, sir! go back!" he said to Amigo, who looked up into his face with an expression of mild but settled obstinacy, varied by one of lively inquiry that expressed, "What are you up to now, I should like to know?" Amigo paid no heed to a second command. Juan picked up a stone. The dog turned tail and would have fled; he had an objection to being shut up in out-of-the-way places when there was good sport to be had. But Juan seized him roughly by the neck, and half led, half pushed him into the very lap of Nita, who was seated on the ground. She received Amigo with open arms, and soon reconciled him to the situation by her caresses. As for Juan, he was off that instant, only stopping to say, "Be quiet. Don't move about. I 'll not be long."

How many hours Nita staid crouched down in the midst of the bushes while Juan was crawling, wriggling, gliding, sliding along on his way to the camp, as only a snake or an Indian or he could,



"IN A FRENZY OF HOPE THEY HURRIED ON." (SEE PAGE 430.)

she never knew. It seemed to her, in her terror and loneliness, half the night. It was probably about two hours. But at last, when she had almost despaired of ever seeing him again, he returned, slipped into her hiding-place, clapped a hand over Amigo's mouth to prevent his barking, and gave an account of his expedition.

"Indians, as I thought," he said; "but not Comanches — Lipans. I know, for I found this," he said, holding up an arrow. "They always feather and paint them like this. Casteel has an arrow of every tribe for many miles, and I knew it was a Lipan arrow the moment I saw it. They are camped about a half mile distant, not far from the river. It is an old camp, and they have been there

for at least two moons. They have killed and dried a great quantity of meat, and I think they will break camp soon and go on the warpath. They were restringing their bows and straightening their arrows to-night. There are about seventy-five warriors, almost all young; and I stole this from under their very noses." Juan laughed quietly, with carefully suppressed amusement as he spoke, and held out for inspection a long strip of jerked venison.

"They are so busy with their preparations for the expedition they have planned, whatever it is, that they will not straggle about much. They will stick to their camp, I think. But we are a little too close to them," Juan added.

"Oh, yes! we are! *Entirely* too close," agreed Nita, who would have liked to be a thousand miles away.

"We will drop down below here, a little nearer the river," said Juan. "We need a good rest, and I am going to take it. In two or three days they will be off, and then we can stay as long as we please."

"Two or three days? Oh, Juan!" replied Nita, to whom this sounded like two or three months.

"Well, I don't know," said Juan. "To-morrow, perhaps. Don't be scared. I will keep well out of their way; trust me for that. We must n't eat anything to-night, and as little as possible to-morrow. I don't know where we are going to get any more, with seventy-five Indians around."

There was no rest for Nita that night. Juan stopped at a place where the undergrowth thickly crowned a bold cliff above the river, and pointed to a small grass-covered mound, saying:

"There is a nice little bed for you, *hermanita*

mia, all made up and quite ready. Let us take a plunge and a jolly swim in the river before we go to sleep."

But Nita was afraid the sound of splashing water would be overheard by some stray Indian, and denied herself the bath that might have soothed and refreshed her over-tired, over-excited body and induced sleep. She slipped down to the riverside, indeed, but it was only to slake her thirst; and all that night she lay awake, listening to the musical ripple of the water as it ran over a ledge of rock near by, and dreading all possible and impossible evils.

The river, however, as it flowed past the Indian camp, told no tales about two children on a cliff. The night-wind wandered from tree to tree and learned the secrets of every leaf, but kept its own counsel. The stars that often looked down on wicked men and deeds would not betray these innocent children, and no harm came to Juan and Juanita.

THE FOOLISH FLAMINGO



The foolish flamingo she looked in the glass.



Ah, foolish flamingo!

She fell in love with herself, alas!



Ah, foolish flamingo!!

Her beaux all exclaimed as they left in a huff,
"The bird has one lover, and one is enough!"



Ah, foolish flamingo!!!

THE STORY OF THE MERRIMAC AND THE MONITOR.

BY GENERAL ADAM BADEAU.

IN the first year of the civil war, there were two ships building unlike any that had ever been seen in this world; one at Norfolk, in Virginia, and the other at Brooklyn, in the State of New York. Up to that time the navies of all nations had been made of wood; and when a wooden ship is struck in battle, every child knows it may be set on fire, or so torn to pieces that unless the rush of water into the hole is instantly stopped, the ship must sink. This is what makes a sea fight so terrible.

Now, it occurred to the leaders on both sides in the great war, that if they could cover a ship with iron which a cannon-ball could not penetrate, that ship would be able to destroy all its enemies. It would be like some of the wonders of the "Arabian Nights"; whoever possessed this enchanted vessel could do infinite harm to others without receiving any damage in return. He could attack and demolish whole fleets, and not only fleets, but even forts, and the cities which the fleets and forts defended. So both sides set to work to try to build such a wonderful ship.

The Southerners got the start. They were blockaded from the world, and had neither means nor material to construct an ordinary vessel of war; but their energy was great, and they possessed the American faculty of invention.

If you look at the map, you will see that the city of Norfolk stands on the Elizabeth River, only a few miles south of the point where that stream empties into the James. It is, however, completely hidden from view at the mouth by the windings of the river. Here, before the war, the United States owned a large navy-yard which, early in 1861, fell into the hands of the Confederates, but not until all the vessels had been either sunk or burned. Among the ships thus destroyed was a huge steam frigate, called the Merrimac, carrying forty guns,—one of the largest vessels in the American navy.

This wreck the Southerners thought would do for their purposes. They hoisted it out of its miry bed, and then cut it down till the deck was level with the water. Next they boarded over each end for more than seventy feet. Then, on the middle portion, one hundred and seventy feet long, they built a wooden wall, rising on all sides seven feet from the water's edge, and sloping inward like a roof, till the sides came within twenty feet of each other at the top. This wall, or roof,—you may call it which you please,—they completely covered with

iron plates four inches thick, riveted into the wood. The vessel then looked like a huge iron box, or a long, low fort with port-holes in the sides through which the guns could be fired. There were ten of these guns; one at each end, bow and stern, the others at the sides. In front was an iron horn, or ram, that projected two feet and a half, intended to strike and pierce the vessel of the enemy. The top of the box was covered with an iron grating to keep off some of the mischief of shells falling from above. Through this grating came all the light and air that the crew received, and when the ship was not in battle, it served for a promenade. The vessel was worked with the old engines, which had of course been greatly damaged by the burning and sinking they had undergone. Nothing at all like this structure had ever been known in war. One or two iron ships had been built in England and France, but none had ever been used in actual battle. The Merrimac was an experiment. She was, indeed, hardly a ship, but a floating fort.

The Southerners had no navy, and it was difficult to find a crew; but three hundred men, who had once been sailors, were finally recruited from their army. The commander was Commodore Buchanan, and the next in rank Lieutenant Jones, both of whom had been officers of the United States Navy.

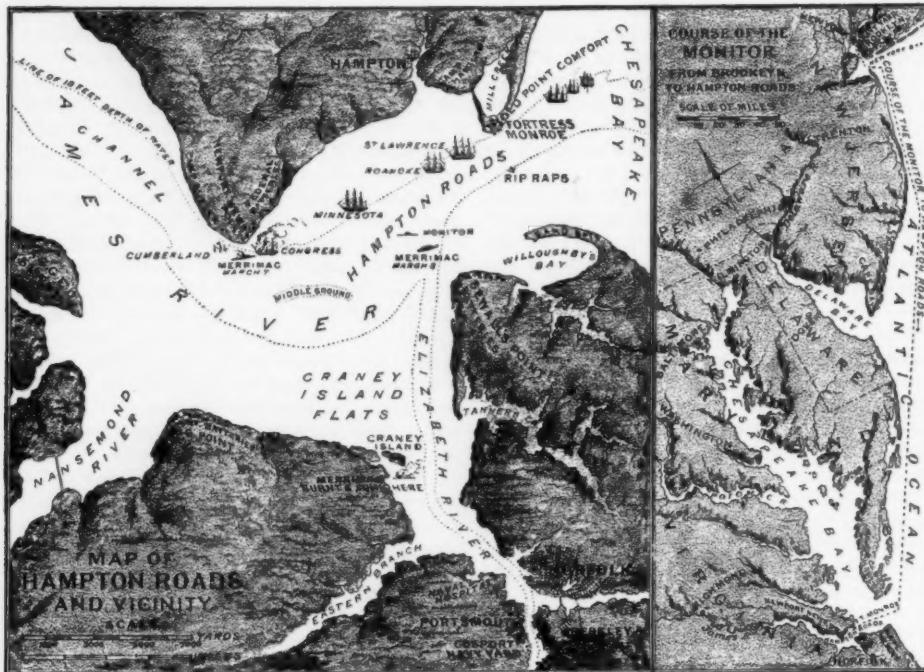
Every effort was made to keep the building of the new ship a secret from the North, but this proved impossible, and the Washington Government at once set about preparing to meet so formidable an enemy. For if the Merrimac proved a success, she could destroy any ship in the world, enter any harbor at the North, passing the forts, and fire directly into the heart of New York or Boston from the bay. Nothing could withstand a ship the armor of which was impenetrable.

Captain John Ericsson, a Swede by birth, but an American citizen, had long been planning an iron-clad ship of his own, and his plans were now laid before the Government and accepted. He built at Brooklyn, in New York harbor, what he called a fighting machine. Instead of a great floating fort, heavy and difficult to move, he designed a small battery of only two heavy guns, which was to be able to move in shallow water where the great ship could not go, to be itself as fully protected by its iron armor as the Merrimac, but, being small, to be easily handled; to be able to turn more quickly, to approach the enemy at close

quarters when it chose, and to escape every attack which it could not withstand. The great question, however, was the protection—the armor.

To provide for this, Ericsson contrived a structure, you can hardly call it ship, one hundred and seventy feet long, and about forty wide, and reach-

The pilot-house was extremely small, containing just space for three men and the wheel. It was built entirely of iron, in solid blocks twelve inches deep and nine inches thick. The only look-out was through an opening left between the blocks, making a long and narrow sight-hole all around the pilot-



ing eleven feet below the water, while the deck was only one foot above. There was nothing whatever above the deck but the pilot-house, and a revolving iron tower with two guns on the inside; these were the only cannon aboard, but they fired shot weighing one hundred and eighty pounds. The object of the revolving tower was to be able to get along with fewer guns. By turning the tower, the same gun could be used in any direction; whereas, in a great unwieldy ship the whole mass must turn, or you can only fire from one side. The tower or turret was twenty feet across and nine feet high. The tops of the smoke pipes also rose six feet above the deck, and the blower pipes four and a half feet; but when the thing was fighting, these pipes were removed, and the openings were covered with iron gratings, so that there was nothing to aim at, nothing to be struck or injured, but the turret and the pilot-house. The deck was plated with iron, which hung over so as to guard the hull.

house, five-eighths of an inch in width. In battle the commanding officer was to remain in the pilot-house, and direct the action of the ship and the guns, while the next in rank, the executive officer, superintended the firing. A speaking trumpet connected the pilot-house and the turret and conveyed the commander's orders. Everything else—engines, boilers, anchor, officers' rooms, quarters for the men—all were below; all shielded from the enemy by the iron armor reaching over the deck on the outside. The whole thing looked like a cheesebox on a raft, or as one of the Southerners said when he saw it for the first time—like a tin can on a shingle. Ericsson called it the Monitor, because it was to admonish, or warn, the Southerners that they could not resist the Union.

As the news came North that the Merrimac was nearly complete, and might come out of her hiding place in the Elizabeth River, at any time, work was pressed on the Monitor night and day. For the

whole result of the war might be changed if the Confederate monster got out of the James. Indeed, if the Monitor met her, it was uncertain whether this strange invention of Ericsson could withstand the gigantic ship. Still there was this chance, the only one. The little craft was begun in October, 1861, and in less than a hundred days was launched. On the 25th of February she was handed over to the Government. She had a ship's company of fifty-eight souls, Lieutenant Worden commanding, and Lieutenant Greene, a boy of twenty-two, next in rank. The crew was composed of volunteers from other vessels of war in New York harbor. The duty was known to be especially hazardous, the service difficult in the extreme; the men must live in low, cramped quarters; there was no sailing apparatus whatever; the strange little skiff must be worked altogether by steam, and the entire mechanism was unfamiliar to the seamen; but a crew was easily found, and on the 6th of March the Monitor was towed out of New York bay.

The next day there was a moderate breeze, and it was soon seen that the Monitor was unfit to go to sea. Unless the wind had gone down, she would have been wrecked on her first voyage. The deck leaked, and the waves came down in torrents under the tower. They struck the pilot-house and poured in through the slit-holes, knocking the pilot away from the wheel. They came down the blow-holes in the deck, and the engines were stopped below, for the fires could not get air. When the men tried to check the inundation they were nearly choked with escaping gas, and had to be dragged out to the top of the turret to be revived. The water continued to pour down in such quantities that there was danger of sinking. The pumps did not work, and the water was handed up in buckets. All night long the crew was fighting the leaks, and with an exhausted, anxious company, the Monitor plowed through the waves to Hampton Roads.

Those who wish to understand what follows must look at the map again. Hampton Roads is the name given to the broad sheet of water at the mouth of the James, into which that river expands before it empties into Chesapeake Bay. On Saturday, the 8th of March, a Union fleet was moving about this harbor between Fortress Monroe, at the entrance of the bay, and Newport News, a point that juts out from the northern shore seven miles up the river. Off Newport News two sailing frigates were anchored, about three hundred yards from shore—the Cumberland of thirty guns, and the Congress carrying fifty cannon—both first-class men-of-war. Farther toward the sea was the Minnesota, a steam frigate of forty guns, and still

beyond her lay the Roanoke, her sister ship, and the St. Lawrence, a sailing vessel of war—all of the largest size known in the American navy. There were besides, several smaller steamers, armed tugs, floating about the Roads. This fleet was engaged in blockading the James—the only avenue between Richmond and the sea. Fortress Monroe, the great work at the entrance, and a land battery at Newport News were the only points on the James at that time in the possession of the Northerners; but their naval strength enabled them to command the river and prevent all communication between Richmond and the outside world.

On the southern side of the bay the Confederates had several batteries, the most important of which was at Sewell's Point, to protect the mouth of the Elizabeth and the approach to Norfolk.

About noon on the 8th of March, the Merrimac appeared. Steaming out of the Elizabeth River, she came into the Roads and headed direct for Newport News, where the Cumberland and the Congress lay, unconscious of the approaching danger. The Cumberland was a little west of the peninsula, the Congress about two hundred yards to the east. Both ships were at anchor, the crews were washing their clothes, the small boats were fastened to the booms. But as the monstrous mass moved steadily on, all knew at once what the black-looking object must be. The boats were dropped astern, all hands were ordered to their places, and the Cumberland was swung across the channel so that her broadside would bear against the stranger.

As the Merrimac approached, she looked like a huge crocodile floating on the surface of the water. Her iron sides rose slanting and like the roof of a house or the arched back of a tortoise, the ram projecting in front above the water's edge. A flag was floating from one staff and a pennant at the stern; but not a man could be seen on the outside. She came at the rate of four or five miles an hour. When she got within half a mile, the Cumberland opened fire, followed by the Congress, the gunboats and the batteries on shore. The Merrimac, however, made straight for the Cumberland, delivering a broadside into the Congress as she passed. The Congress returned the broadside, and the Cumberland poured in another, but the balls bounced like India-rubber from her mailed sides, making not the slightest impression. The flagstaff was cut away, but no one could get out to replace it, and she fought for awhile with only the pennant at her stern.

Now the Congress and the Cumberland and all the shore batteries poured in their fire, and the Merrimac fired forward into the Cumberland, killing and wounding the crew of one of the guns.

Two small vessels that had followed in her wake from Norfolk also took sides, and three Confederate gunboats came down the James to participate, while the Minnesota, the Roanoke, and the St. Lawrence all started from their moorings for the battle.

But the Merrimac steered steadily for the Cumberland and crushed her iron horn into the vessel's side, making an enormous hole. The frigate was forced back upon her anchors with a tremendous shock, and the water at once went rushing into the hole. The Merrimac then drew off, but her ram was broken, and she left it sticking in the Cumberland's side. All the Union vessels now poured shot and shell into or rather at the Merrimac. Two of her guns had the muzzles blown off, one of her anchors and all the smoke-pipes were shot away; ropes, railings, timbers, everything unprotected by armor was swept clean off. The flagstaffs were repeatedly shot away, and the colors after a while were hoisted to the smoke-stack; when that went, they were fastened to a boarding-pike. One of the crew came out of a port-hole to the outside, and was instantly killed. But the armor was hardly damaged, though a hundred heavy guns must have been turned on it at once from ship or shore.

The Merrimac herself kept up her fire on both the Cumberland and the Congress from her different sides. After a while she advanced again towards the Cumberland, and shot one shell that killed nine men, following this up with a broadside that mowed down officers, sailors, and gunners; for on the upper deck there was no protection whatever. The men stood up like targets, fighting against foes who were themselves unseen and completely shielded. Lieutenant Morris, who commanded the Cumberland, was summoned to surrender; but he replied, "Never! I'll sink alongside." The water all this time was rushing into the hole made by the ram, the vessel had been set on fire in several places, and the decks were covered with dead and dying men. The Merrimac was now within three hundred yards, and from her safe iron walls her crew could send each ball to its mark. The water kept pouring into the Cumberland, not only at the great hole made by the ram, but after a while at the port-holes. As the ship sank lower and lower, the crew was driven from deck to deck upward, working the guns that were left unsubmerged. At thirty minutes past three the water had risen to the spar deck, and the crew delivered a parting fire. Each man then tried to save himself by jumping overboard; some scrambled through the port-holes, others leaped from the rigging or the masts, but many went down with the ship, which settled with a roar, the stars and stripes still waving. That flag was finally submerged, but even after the hull

had grounded on the sands, the pennant was still flying from the topmast above the waves. None of the crew were captured, but nearly all the wounded were drowned. In all, about a hundred were lost: small boats came out from shore and rescued the remainder under the Confederate fire.

The Merrimac now turned upon the Congress, which, seeing the fate of her comrade, had moved in toward shore and purposely run aground, where the Merrimac could not follow without also getting aground. This would have been fatal to the heavy Confederate battery, so that there was no danger of the Merrimac ramming the Congress. Still, the unhappy frigate was at the mercy of her enemy. The iron monster came up so close that her crew fired pistol-shots into the port-holes of the Congress. The Minnesota and her sister frigates had all got aground lower down the bay, and were unable to assist their struggling consort.

The Merrimac at last took a position astern, at a distance of only one hundred and fifty yards, and raked her helpless antagonist fore and aft. The other Confederate vessels all came up and poured shot and shell into the stranded ship. The commander was killed. There was no prospect of relief from the Minnesota. The men were knocked away from the guns as fast as they tried to fire, and at last not a single piece could be brought to bear on the enemy. The ship was on fire in several places, and at half-past four the colors were lowered. When the father of Captain Joseph Smith, the commander of the Congress, was told that the Congress had shown the white flag of surrender, he simply remarked, "Jo's dead." He knew that his son would not have surrendered had he been alive.

Buchanan, who commanded the Merrimac, at once sent a boarding party, and the flag, as well as the sword of the dead commander of the Congress, was surrendered. The second in rank was directed to transfer his wounded to the Merrimac as quickly as possible; but the batteries on shore kept up their fire and would not permit the removal of the prisoners, although the white flag was flying. "We have not surrendered," said General Mansfield, in command at Newport News. As Buchanan was unable to take possession of the prize, he ordered hot shell to be fired at her, and the Congress was soon in flames in every part. At the same moment he was himself shot and severely wounded. His brother was an officer on the Congress, so that they fought each other. The Confederates were driven off by the renewed fire, and the crew of the Congress escaped in small boats, or by swimming, to the shore; but thirty were captured and many lost.

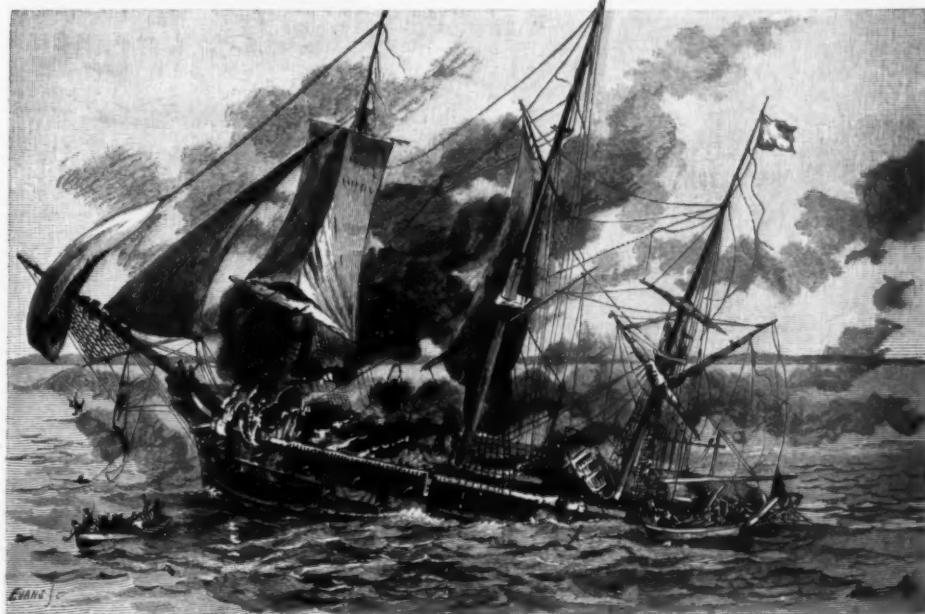
The Merrimac now turned her attention to the

Minnesota, which was aground and at the mercy of the Confederates. It was only five o'clock, and there were still two hours of daylight; but the tide was ebbing, and there was some dispute on the Merrimac about the channel. The Confederates supposed they had only to wait till morning to secure the remainder of the fleet: rescue was impossible: the giant could dispatch whichever victim stood in the way. So the Merrimac retired to the entrance of the Elizabeth River and waited till morning to resume her task. She had lost two men killed and nineteen wounded.

During that terrible night the Minnesota lay within a mile and a half of Newport News, on the

mouths of fiery furnaces; a shell or a loaded gun went off from time to time, as the fire reached it, and at two o'clock the magazine exploded with a tremendous shock and sound. A mountain sheaf of flame went up, a flash seemed to divide the sky, and the blazing fragments were scattered in every direction. When the glare subsided the rigging had vanished, and only the hull remained, charred and shattered. The port-holes were blown into one great gap, where the conflagration blazed and smoldered till morning.

That night there was consternation not only in the fleet and at Fortress Monroe, but farther yet, at Washington, and all over the North.



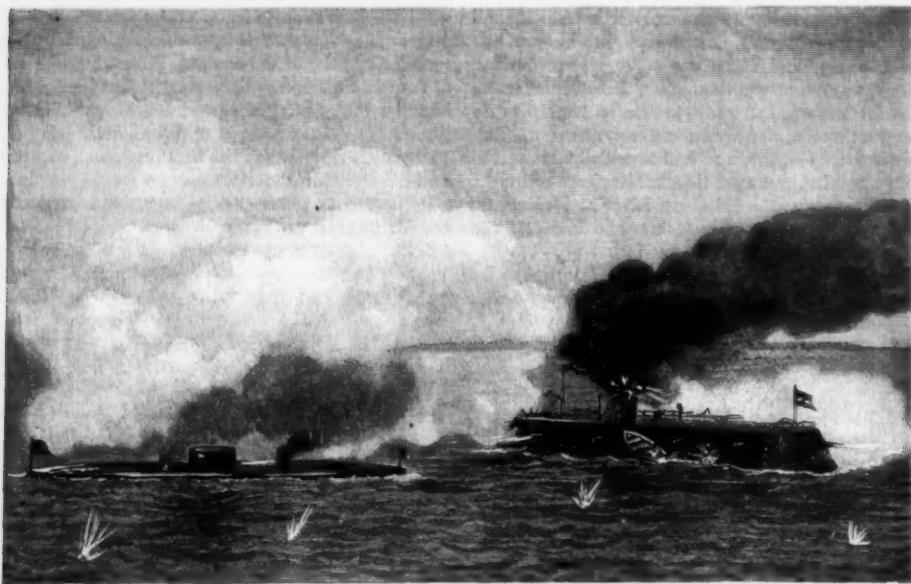
THE BURNING OF THE CONGRESS.*

sandbox where the ship seemed to have made a cradle for herself. At ten the tide turned to flood, and all hands were at work from that time till four in the morning with steam-tugs and ropes endeavoring to haul the ship off the bank, but without avail. The St. Lawrence and the Roanoke were below in the harbor.

The moon was in her second quarter. The mast-head of the Cumberland could be seen above the waves, with her colors still flying, while a little south of Newport News the Congress was in a blaze. As the flames crept up the rigging, every mast and spar and rope glittered against the sky in lines of fire. The port-holes in the hull looked like the

It seemed as if nothing could prevent the complete success of the Merrimac. The anxious vessels lay in the Roads, the Minnesota waiting to be destroyed, like the Cumberland and the Congress, in the morning. The President and his cabinet were discussing gloomily what might happen, and in every city at the North men lay awake dreading the news of the morrow. For it was not only that the victory of the Union was delayed, that its forces were resisted, its ships destroyed, but disaster might be carried to any one of the harbors or cities of the Atlantic by this one vessel, which could find no opponent to withstand her, since she was herself invulnerable while able to deal irresistible blows.

* From the Cyclorama of the Monitor and the Merrimac, New York City. By permission of the proprietors.



THE ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE MONITOR AND THE MERRIMAC.*

At the South, on the other hand, the rejoicing was extravagant. The result itself was exaggerated; the wildest hopes were cherished. The blockade was to be raised, the war ended, the South to be made independent—all because of the Merrimac. On the spot, the plan was to destroy the Minnesota in the morning, and later the remainder of the fleet below Fortress Monroe. The crew of the Merrimac slept at their guns dreaming of other victories.

But neither side knew what was to happen in the morning. The Monitor had weathered the gale and the chances of wreck, and at four o'clock on Saturday afternoon, the 8th of March, she passed Cape Henry, at the entrance of Chesapeake Bay. Here the commander heard the firing of distant cannon, and guessed that there was a fight with the Confederate Leviathan. The Monitor must be put to trial at once.

He ordered the vessel prepared for battle. As they got nearer, a pilot boarded the Monitor and told the history of the battle. At nine o'clock in the night Worden reached the fleet and reported to the commanding officer. Every one was depressed, and the mite of a Monitor seemed no more a champion than David with his sling, after Goliath had defied the Israelites. Nevertheless, Worden was ordered at once to the relief of the Minnesota, still hard aground. He arrived in time to see the explosion of the Congress, but

was unable, of course, to render assistance to his sinking comrades.

At daybreak Worden perceived the Merrimac at anchor with the Confederate gunboats, near Sewell's Point. At half-past seven the Titan got under way, and started direct for the Minnesota. At once the little Monitor came out from behind the frigate to guard her lofty consort. Worden took his station in the pilot-house, which projected only four feet above the deck; Greene, with sixteen men, was in the turret. The remainder of the crew was distributed in the engine and fire rooms, or was in the magazine. The Monitor was fresh from the danger of shipwreck; the men exhausted by exposure and fatigue, by loss of sleep, and even lack of food, for in the emergency they had been unable to cook. They were in the midst of the wrecks of the last day's battle, and the fighting quality of the little craft itself was yet to be ascertained. But in such condition men's quality is tested. The greatest battles on land are usually fought by soldiers, hungry, and after long and exhausting marches: always won at the end of furious fighting and tremendous excitement that in ordinary times would drain the strength and spirits of the bravest.

On the Merrimac all was elation. The crew had slept and rested and eaten; they had achieved a magnificent victory, and came out only to complete

* From the Cyclorama of the Monitor and the Merrimac, New York City. By permission of the proprietors.

the success that was already, they thought, secure. They saw the little Monitor covering and protecting with her diminutive proportions the mighty Minnesota, and had no fear of the result.

Worden made at once for the enemy's fleet, so as to attack them at as great a distance as possible from the Minnesota. As he approached, with one or two shots he drove the wooden vessels at once out of range. Then, to the astonishment of all the spectators on the ships around and on both shores, the tiny Monitor laid herself directly alongside the Merrimac and stopped her engines; the port-hole was opened, the gun was run out, and the dwarf attacked the monster. But the Merrimac was ready. Gun after gun was returned by her rapid broadsides, now only sixty yards away. The Merrimac had ten guns to the Monitor's two, and the tower and deck and pilot-house of the pigmy were struck again and again. But though the shots struck, they only made indentations; the armor was proof;

an experiment. To the spectators the shots of the Confederate vessel seemed to have no more effect than so many pebbles thrown by a child.

The battle, when once begun, went on without intermission. The object of Worden was, of course, to penetrate the enemy's armor of mail. With this purpose he maneuvered his little vessel, flying around the larger ship, turning from time to time with wonderful speed, and then getting alongside and firing his guns as rapidly as they could be loaded. He pointed his bow at that of the enemy in the hope of sending a shot through the port-hole; then he tried to rake her through the stern. Once he attempted to strike the stern, the Merrimac pouring broadside after broadside into the Monitor all the while, and the recoil from the shots within the tower was terrific. One man leaning against the wall of the turret was disabled merely by the shock, and forced to go below. Connection between the turret and the pilot-house was



IN THE TURRET OF THE MONITOR.

and, more than all, the turret worked and turned, so that the gunners could reply to the fire they received. When this was certain, the crew felt reassured; for it was plain that the results of yesterday could not be renewed. The Merrimac had found an antagonist. The Monitor was no longer

interrupted, and orders and replies were carried by messengers. As the commander himself was obliged to remain in the pilot-house to direct the course of the ship, and the next in rank, who had charge of the firing, was shut up in the tower, their communication was not only difficult but sometimes

impossible at a critical moment. The turret, too, did not always revolve easily, and prodigious exertions were required to control its motion. Greene, the executive officer, had only an aperture of a few inches above the muzzles of his guns through which to select his aim. Even this he could use only at intervals; for the moment the gun was run in to load, the loop-hole had to be covered by a huge iron shutter; and the labor of moving and closing this shutter was so great that it took the whole gun's crew to perform it. Thus at every moment of the battle the exertions of the men were herculean.

The tremendous guns were eleven inches across the muzzle, and the shock of the firing in this confined space was deafening, as well as the noise of

nothing to strike but the turret and the pilot-house; and when the shots struck the bomb-proof tower, they glanced off without effect. Finding she could accomplish nothing with the Monitor, the Merrimac turned upon the wooden ships, and put an enormous shot into the Minnesota, tearing four rooms into one, and setting the ship on fire. The fire was quickly extinguished, and the Minnesota replied with a broadside that would have blown out of water any wooden ship in the world; but the Merrimac was unharmed. It seemed like magic, and in other days would doubtless have been considered the effect of wicked enchantment. Fifty solid shot struck on the slanting sides without any apparent result. The Merrimac fired three times, in



ON BOARD THE MERRIMAC—A SHOT AT THE "TIN CAN ON A SHINGLE."

the balls striking incessantly on the outside. The men became grimy with powder, shut up in so small a space, and got very nervous from the excitement; but they kept at their work. It was difficult to aim. White marks had been made on the deck to indicate the position of the different sides of the ship; for as the tower revolved they could not know, shut up in there, which was right and which was left; but the marks became obliterated in the action, and Greene had constantly to ask the captain where he was, and where the Merrimac. "On the starboard," which is seaman's word for the right of the ship. "But which is starboard?" Sometimes the guns were properly directed, but before they could be fired, the turret moved; and when it was controlled, the aim was lost. Still, nearly all the enemy's shot flew over the submerged propeller; there was nothing for a mark;

return, at the Minnesota, and would soon have destroyed her, but the little Monitor came dancing down to the rescue, placing herself directly between the two huge crafts, and compelled the Merrimac to change her position.

In doing this, the monster grounded, and then the Minnesota poured in all the guns that could be brought to bear. Nearly every shot of the Monitor now struck home. A Confederate officer tells this story: * When the commander of the Merrimac said to an officer apparently idle:

"Why do you not fire?"

"Our ammunition is precious," was the reply; "and after two hours' incessant firing, I find I can do her about as much damage by snapping my thumb at her."

But the Merrimac got off the bottom, and then the little Monitor followed her down the bay.

The Monitor could move in only eleven feet of

* See John Taylor Wood's article, *Century Magazine*, March, 1885.



THE WOUNDING OF LIEUTENANT WORDEN.

water, while the Merrimac required twenty-three, and the depth of the water was constantly varying; for the bottom of the river is as uneven as the land,—it has its hills and valleys; and every now and then the larger ship would strike one of those hill-tops below the water, and stick fast; so that for a while she could not move. It took the Merrimac thirty minutes to turn. Her officers declared she was as unwieldy as Noah's ark, and while she was turning, the Monitor fired at her from such points as she chose, running all around her to find a mark. The smoke-stack of the Merrimac was gone, and the engines consequently could hardly work; this also, of course, impeded her movements, and in

this battle it was as important to be able to move as to fire; just as in a fight between men, he who is alert and agile can avoid the enemy's blows and then leap quickly and deliver a telling one himself. This fight, indeed, was almost human in its character. It was single-handed. The channel was narrow, and the Monitor could move about where her enemy could not come, so that her diminutive size was itself an element in her favor.

After a while, however, the Merrimac was in motion again, determined now to use her strength, and if possible, crush her pygmy adversary. She turned and ran full tilt at the Monitor as she had run at the unlucky Cumberland the day before. For a moment, to the lookers-on it seemed as if the Monitor was doomed, and the hearts of the officers of the Minnesota were in their throats. But Worden saw what was coming, and skillfully moved aside, so that he received only a passing blow from the disabled ram of the Merrimac. The little craft went down under the tremendous headway, but came dancing up again, and instantly, Greene delivered one of his heavy shots, striking the Merrimac full in the side; if she had been an ordinary ship it would have sent her to the bottom, never to rise again. As it was, the ball forced in the iron armor two or three inches; while all the crew on that side of the ship were knocked over and bled from the nose and ears. Another shot in the same place would have penetrated, said the Confederate commander. While the ships were alongside, the commander of the Merrimac called for men to board the Monitor and overwhelm her by numbers, but the little thing was beyond reach before his command could be obeyed.

After a while, Worden's ammunition gave out; that is, the supply that had been hoisted to the turret. Then the Monitor moved away out of fire till the turret could be so placed that the scuttles in her floor were brought over those in the decks, in order to pass up the ammunition. While this operation was proceeding, Worden thought he would take an outside view. Accordingly, he dragged himself through one of the port-holes, and remained on deck for a few moments unharmed. Upon his return the battle was renewed.

There was great danger that the fire of the Monitor might damage herself; for, while the tower was revolving, if a charge should strike the pilot-house, everything would be lost. On the other hand, if a single shot of the Merrimac entered the Monitor's port-holes and exploded, the battle would be over. There were no other men on board to take the place of the gunners, if these were killed or wounded. This was one of the disadvantages of the size of the Monitor. There was only room for so many men; even the fifty-eight that composed the crew were crowded and cramped.

About noon the crisis of the battle occurred. The Confederates determined to direct their attack on the pilot-house of their enemy, and when the little craft was only ten yards away they sent one shell full against the sight-hole of the Monitor. In exploding, it tore off the top of the pilot-house, and wounded the gallant commander. Worden was blinded with the powder, and for a moment stunned. He supposed that all was lost, for the sudden glare of light that poured in on his injured eyes from the opening made him think the pilot-house absolutely destroyed. He gave orders to move off, and sent for Greene. The young officer found his chief bleeding, blind, and disabled, and the vessel apparently at the mercy of the enemy. He led the wounded man to his cabin, and then the boy assumed command.

The heroic Worden believed himself mortally hurt, but he asked, in his agony: "Is the Minnesota safe?" When assured of this, he exclaimed: "Then I can die happy."*

When Greene returned to the pilot-house he found the steering apparatus perfect, but the

Monitor had been drifting about without guidance. Twenty minutes elapsed from the time of the shock before it was determined what course to pursue, and meanwhile the Merrimac had withdrawn. She was leaking badly, her engines would hardly work, and though doubtless she might have continued the fight, it was evident that she could accomplish nothing against her dwarf antagonist, that was able, preposterous as it seems, to defend the entire Northern fleet. Neither adversary had been able to destroy the other. The Monitor was now near shallow water where the Merrimac could not follow, and at two o'clock the great battery returned to Sewell's Point, completely foiled in her object by Ericson's little machine. The Monitor fired a few shots but did not follow.

It required a month to repair the damages the Merrimac had received, and on the 11th of April, followed by six gun-boats, she came into the Roads again. The Monitor was in sight with the Union fleet, but her orders were positive not to bring on an engagement in the shallows, where the wooden vessels would be unable to maneuver, and the Merrimac returned without a battle. This proceeding was repeated a few days later; the Merrimac steamed out and then returned. Neither side had another iron-clad, and neither wished to risk the destruction of the craft that protected so vast a stake. Thus the Monitor stayed the course of the Merrimac and prevented all the great results that were hoped by one side and feared by the other. For a while the issue of the war seemed to depend on the little champion, and she stood her ground. It was like the nursery stories in which the dwarf beat off the giant and saved the land.

In April the Confederates abandoned Norfolk. The Merrimac did not dare face her tiny antagonist again, and she was run ashore by her own crew and burnt, exactly two months after the great battle in Hampton Roads. Thus the modern Minotaur, that had threatened a nation, not only withdrew, but turned on itself and destroyed its huge form with the fires it had meant for its enemies; while the little Monitor passed up the James unscathed to attack the batteries at Richmond.

* The description of Worden's catastrophe is necessarily taken from Lieutenant Greene's graphic and eloquent paper in the *Century Magazine* for March, 1885,—the only possible authority. It is unnecessary to say that an account of a battle written by one who was not a participant or an eye-witness must, to be correct, be a compilation from the reports of those who were actually present. As for Greene, he wrote almost as well as he fought.

A SONG OF SPRING.

BY CELIA THAXTER.



ING a song of Spring ! " cried the merry March wind loud,
 As it swept o'er hill and valley from the dark breast of the cloud ;
 But the wind-flowers and the violets were still too sound asleep
 Under the snow's warm blanket, close-folded, soft and deep.

" Sing a song of Spring ! " cried the pleasant April rain,
 With a thousand sparkling touches upon the window-pane.
 Then the flowers that waited in the ground woke dreamily and
 stirred ;
 From root to root, from seed to seed, crept swift the hopeful word.

" Sing a song of Spring ! " cried the sunshine of the May ;
 And into bloom the whole world burst in one delicious day !
 The patient apple-trees blushed bright in clouds of rosy red,
 And the dear birds sang with rapture in the blue sky overhead.

And not a single flower small that April's raindrops woke,
 And not a single little bird that into music broke,
 But did rejoice to live and grow and strive to do its best,—
 Faithful and dutiful and brave through every trial's test.

I wonder if we children all are ready as the flowers
 To do what God appoints for us through all his days and hours :
 To praise him in our duties done, with cheerful joy, because
 The smallest of those duties belongs to his great laws.

O Violets, who never fret, nor say, " I won't ! " " I will ! "
 Who only live to do your best his wishes to fulfill,
 Teach us your sweet obedience, and we may grow to be
 Happy, like you, and patient as the steadfast apple-tree !



A FROZEN DRAGON.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

IN the folk-lore of many of the tribes that live along the borders of Northern and Eastern Asia are found tales quite as marvelous and wonderful as those handed down to the boys and girls of the warmer and more civilized countries of the South, in which fairies, heroic giants, and gods are the principal figures,—the offspring of vivid tropical imaginations. But in the tales related to the children of the far-away ice country, the main characters are gigantic animals and monsters of strange appearance; and as the northern story-

Li She Chan, the author of a Chinese medical book. He says, concerning dragons' bones:

"The bones are found on banks of rivers and in caves of the earth, places where the dragon died, and can be collected at any time."

In the far north, "dragons' bones" were very common, but they were usually considered there to have belonged to gigantic birds. To prove their belief, the natives showed the claws, three or four feet long, of these monsters, which, if they had ever existed, must have far exceeded in size the roc of the "Arabian Nights." Quaint tales of these were told on winter evenings, perhaps, to native boys and girls; and little reason had the children to doubt them, for the claws were so plentiful that their fathers used them, as the Chukches of Eastern Siberia do strips of whalebone, to make their bows, which they use for hunting, more elastic.

Finally, an English naturalist, while studying Chinese folk-lore, made the discovery that the "dragons' bones and teeth" were no more nor less than the remains of a great extinct rhinoceros. Soon after, a scientist traveling in Northern Siberia heard the natives talking about the gigantic birds I have just mentioned, and, being shown a "claw," he saw that it, too, was in reality a horn of a monster rhinoceros that in past ages had lived in that far-off land of ice. But it was not until the year 1871 that a European was fortunate enough to make the discovery that set all



"HANGING FROM A LAYER OF ICE WAS A CREATURE SO WEIRD THEY WOULD NOT APPROACH IT."

tellers are not noted for their imaginative powers, we are led to look for some solid foundation of fact upon which the originators of the myths must have built their wondrous tales. The Chinese legends abound in dragons and unicorns; and in Canton, to-day, may be purchased "dragons' bones and teeth," which form part of the regular stock of the native druggists.

In the "Chinese Repository" is a quotation from

doubts at rest and cast confusion among the ranks of the native believers in the great birds.

The River Vilou, in 64° north latitude, is frozen a greater part of the year. In the cold season the natives follow its course to the south; and as spring comes on, and the snow and ice melt, they return to take advantage of the fish and other game to be found on the coast. It was during one of these migrations that an entire rhinoceros was found frozen solid in the ice.

noceros was discovered. The river, swollen by the melting snow and ice far to the south, had overflowed its banks and eaten into and undermined the frozen ground, until finally, with a crash, a huge mass of mingled earth and ice broke away and came thundering down, the ominous sound being heard far and near. A short time later, some of the more daring natives ventured near and were rewarded by a sight wonderful in the extreme. A broad section of icy earth had been exposed, and hanging from a layer of ice and gravel was a creature so weird that at first they would not approach it. It hung partly free, and had evidently been uncovered by the landslide. From the head extended a long horn, as tall as some of the children, while behind it was another, smaller one. But the strangest feature of this curious monster was that it was covered with hair.

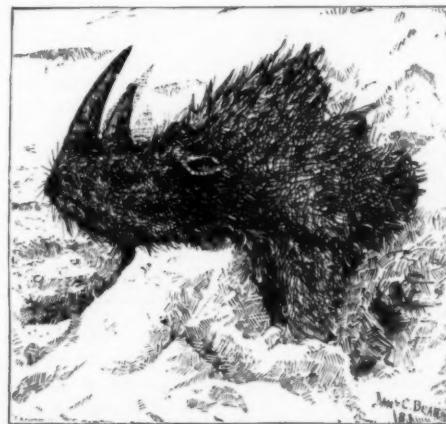
At first, the astonished discoverers thought the creature was alive, and that it had pushed aside the earth, and was coming out. But the great rhinoceros was dead, and had probably been entombed thousands of years. The body was frozen as hard as stone, and the hair-covered hide seemed like frozen leather, and did not hang in folds as does the skin of living species. Several months passed before the animal was entirely uncovered, and so perfectly had nature preserved it, that it was then cut up and the flesh given to the dogs.

The news of this discovery passed from native to native and from town to town, until it reached the ears of a government officer. He at once sent orders for the preservation of the carcass, but the flesh had already been destroyed; and now only its head and feet are preserved in one of the great museums of Russia. There is sufficient, however, to show that the creature was hairy, and that its

head was of great size and bore two long horns. The total length of the large horn was nearly four feet.

Still another frozen rhinoceros was found in 1877, upon a tributary of the Lena River. The body was well preserved, but of this specimen only the hairy feet and head were secured, the rest of it being swept away by a flood. The mammoth, too, was protected from the cold by a similar covering of wool, or hair. The explanation of these ancestors of tropical animals living and dying so far north is perhaps the fact that nowhere else on earth are there found such extremes of temperature. In the winter it is so cold that the trees explode with a loud noise, and yawning chasms are formed in the earth's crust by the frost and ice. But the summer, though short, is so extremely warm that the various animals range as far as the polar sea,—where the cold is even less severe than in the interior,—sheltered by the luxuriant forest growth that extends nearly to its northernmost shores. It was the abundance of food, probably, that brought the rhinoceros and mammoth to that arctic coast; and that they herded there in vast numbers is evident from the quantities of tusks found yearly in that region. Ten mammoth-tusks have been seen protruding from a single sandbank on one of the New Siberian Islands where for eighty years previously the ivory hunters had been collecting their never decreasing annual supplies.

What caused the extinction of these and other forms of animal life is not known. In our own land, long eras before the time of these hairy monsters, there lived a rhinoceros that had six horns upon its head. It must have presented a marvelous appearance even in that age of wonders.



HIS FIRST APPEARANCE IN NINE THOUSAND YEARS.

JENNY'S BOARDING-HOUSE.

BY JAMES OTIS.

CHAPTER IV.

NOVEMBER AND THE BOARDERS.

THE day following Pinney's unfortunate attempt to provide a sign for the establishment in which he was a stockholder was an important one for all who were directly interested in Jenny's enterprise, for the plan was to be fully tested by the introduction of the two-dollar boarders. The boys were notified of their good fortune early in the day, and no small amount of excitement was caused by the fact that the boarding-house was really open to the public.

If Tom and Ikey had not made a vigorous protest, Duddy Foss and his three companions would have been escorted to their new home by the entire community of newsdealers; and then, indeed, Mrs. Parsons would have had good cause for losing her temper.

"It would n't do at all," Tom said decidedly, when some of the boys proposed that all those who sold papers near the City Hall should visit the house in a body. "You see, November will be asleep then, an' if you wake him, there's no tellin' what Jenny's mother might do. Pinney made things so lively for the baby last night that I would n't like to try another such a racket."

After a great amount of discussion the plan was abandoned, Tom solemnly promising that, if they would exercise a little patience, he would introduce them to the baby one by one, an arrangement that would undoubtedly prove more satisfactory to all than if they all should visit him at one time.

"We'll meet you in front of the Astor House when it's time to go home," Ikey said to the new boarders; and Duddy replied mysteriously:

"You need n't bother about us. We were n't thinkin' of walkin' up with you. Go on jest you allers do, an' when we're ready, we'll start."

It was evident from this that Duddy had some plan in mind, and that the new boarders would make their appearance in a strikingly original manner, which might or might not be pleasing either to Jenny or her mother. Ikey asked, apprehensively:

"You won't do anything to wake up November if he should be asleep, will you?"

"Now, don't you worry," Duddy said, with a

certain show of dignity. "We know pretty well what to do, an' how to do it, so that 'll be all right."

"I don't know what they're up to," Ikey said to Tom and Pinney a few moments later; "but I think we'd better go home a little earlier than we do reg'larly, so's to get Mrs. Parsons feelin' pleasant before they come."

His brother-directors believed this to be a very wise precaution, and as early as half-past six the five partners were at the boarding-house, each one trying to be so agreeable to Mrs. Parsons that she, growing suspicious, declared that Pinney White was "up to some of his tricks again."

November was sleeping in a box which Tom had promised to convert into a cradle at the very first opportunity, and the directors had begun to wonder why the new boarders did not come, when a resounding knock was heard at the door, causing the baby to set up his "patent scream" without loss of time.

"I was sure they'd start some kind of a rumpus," Tom muttered to himself, as Ikey ran quickly to the door to prevent a repetition of the summons, and he looked at Mrs. Parsons to learn if she was angry because November had been awakened. Her face wore a reasonably placid look, however, and Tom joined his brother-directors in welcoming the guests.

The new boarders marched into the house in single file, each one dressed in his best, and looking remarkably solemn. Duddy Foss came first, with a very ragged valise in one hand and a small bundle in the other, evidently acting as the master of ceremonies. He had a button-hole bouquet in his overcoat, which was thrown carelessly back to display a white shirt in which a large green glass button was a prominent ornament. He looked as if he was "dressed up" as much as possible, and acted as if he was perfectly well aware of the fact. Behind him came Bart Jones, who also wore a bouquet and carried two paper parcels. Bart was arrayed in his best, which was an army overcoat neatly cut down to fit his diminutive figure. He and Duddy stood in the center of the floor, without speaking, for several moments, in order that the directors might admire them.

Billy Sleeper and Fen Howard would gladly have worn something extra in the way of clothing, to do honor to the occasion; but, unfortunately, they owned nothing more than they were accustomed

to appear in. They had larger bouquets than Duddy's and Bart's, however, and this, in a certain degree, made up for what might possibly be lacking in the matter of costume.

The new-comers looked for a moment in surprise at November, who was screaming himself red in the face; and then, as if they had been practicing the movement, they took the flowers from their button-holes, handing them to Jenny as Duddy said with an awkward gesture:

"The rose is red, the vi'let 's blue,
These flowers are pretty and so are you."

(one of which had lost its runner and the other a portion of its upper works), a base-ball, a peashooter, and a package of candy.

"We've brought these for November," said Duddy; and as he spoke, the four boys deposited their gifts in Mrs. Parsons' lap, regardless alike of the candy that smeared the baby's frock, and the rust from the one skate-runner that was plentifully bestowed upon the old lady's clean apron.

"Bless me!" exclaimed Jenny's mother, as she looked over her spectacles, first at Duddy and then at the iron-rust on her garments, "what do



THE ARRIVAL OF THE NEW BOARDERS.

"Oh, thank you, boys," replied Jenny, blushing at the compliment; "but one is enough for me, and you'd better keep the rest for yourselves."

Duddy waved his hand to prevent her from returning any portion of the gift, and then looked at his companions to be certain that they were admiring his easy, graceful manner of making the presentation speech. Being satisfied that they were, he gave the signal for another movement by winking violently.

This time each of the new boarders unrolled a newspaper package, displaying a pair of skates

you expect a baby ten months old to do with these?"

"He'll grow to fit 'em, won't he?" Duddy asked, with a look on his face as of painful surprise because November was not so active a child as he had been led to suppose. "Anyway, he can eat the candy, can't he?"

Mrs. Parsons made no reply; and Tom, seeing that something in the way of a speech was necessary lest the new boarders should feel offended, said:

"We'll save the things for the baby, Duddy;

an' if Mrs. Parsons don't want him to eat the candy, we'll put it on the table, so's to have somethin' extra for the first night's dinner."

This arrangement was evidently satisfactory to Duddy and his friends, who now laid aside their stilted manners. Duddy was eager to inspect the house, and the directors led the new boarders from one unfurnished room to another until, every apartment having been seen, the party halted in front of the "rules," which had been posted near the street door.

Duddy spelled out each word, making no comment either upon the regulations or the artistic ability displayed in the ornamentation until he came to Sam's effort. Then he said:

"Seems to me you did n't have much to do when you fixed that one up. Don't it look like puttin' on airs?"

Just at that moment, Master Tousey remembered that he had forgotten to attend to some very important duty in the kitchen; and when he had left the hall, Tom said:

"You see, Sam fixed that rule. We tried to get him to make somethin' different; but he wanted it this way, an' so we had to put it up with the rest."

"Anybody could tell that Sam Tousey did it," Bill Sleeper said, and any further discussion of the matter was prevented by Jenny's summons to dinner.

The new boarders were well pleased with the room assigned to them, and after they had retired for the night, Treasurer Ikey called a business meeting of the directors, for the purpose of receiving from them such portion of their indebtedness as they were able to pay.

"It is n't so much as we oughter have," he said after he had ascertained the total amount. "Sam, you've only paid three dollars an' twenty cents, an' at this rate you won't be out of debt, so that you can begin payin' board, till some time next summer."

"I've paid you all I made," replied Master Tousey rather sulkily. "I did n't have as much money to begin with as the rest of you fellers, an' I have n't had a chance to earn as much since."

"You have had the same chance," said Pinney, quickly; "but you like to stand in doorways too much,—that's what's the matter."

"It's none of your business, Pin White, what I like to do," replied Sam, angrily; and as there seemed to be every prospect of a quarrel, Ikey interfered by saying:

"Of course that's your own business, Sam; but all the same, Jenny's got to have as much money as she can raise. I've paid all of my ten

dollars, an' it would n't be fair for me to put in more 'n the others; but if you'll promise before all the fellers that you'll give it back to me, I'll lend you two dollars to help pay what you owe."

"Sure, I'll give it back," said Sam; "but did you earn the whole of that to-day?"

"No; Jim Chick paid me what I lent him last week, an' I made the rest. Now I'll give Jenny the money, an' you write out a paper to show that you borrowed it."

Since the transaction required no more labor than that involved in writing a receipt, Sam was perfectly willing to accept the offer.

"Now you'd better decide who the next four boarders shall be," said the young landlady. "I shall have another room ready by to-morrow night."

After some little discussion, in which Master Tousey would have joined if the treasurer had not insisted that he should finish his writing before he said anything, it was decided that Jim Chick, Tom Wilson, Fred Sawyer, and Pippy Brown should be the fortunate boys; and Ikey promised to notify them early next morning.

By the time this arrangement had been made, Sam had written his acknowledgment of the loan, and he handed the following document to his creditor:



The day after the admission of the first regular boarders was a busy one for Jenny as well as for the directors. The young landlady was doing her best, with the limited amount of money at her disposal, to get the entire house ready for occupancy.

The directors, who found business in the newspaper line very dull, owing to stormy weather, had their time fully occupied in answering questions and making promises to those who were eager to become Jenny's boarders. The enterprise seemed already to be an assured success, and this prosperity was believed by the stockholders to have been caused solely and entirely by November's presence in the house. Ikey, who had at one time favored the purchase of a monkey as an attraction, now firmly believed that a baby answered

every purpose, and that the finding of November was "the biggest thing that could have happened for the boarding-house."

Master Chick and his friends set about making preparations for changing their lodgings as soon as they had been informed that their new room was now ready for them, and all of the directors, except Ikey, offered to assist in the work of moving. It had been a common rumor on the street that Dory Lyons, Jim Chick's room-mate, owned a real trunk; and, since public opinion was divided as to whether the story had any foundation in truth, many of the boys, more particularly Sam and Jack, were eager to settle the question for themselves.

It was nearly noon. Fully twenty of the small newsdealers had accompanied Jim to the Newsboys' Lodging House; and Ikey was shivering on the corner of Ann street, trying to dispose of two "Heralds," the last of his morning's stock. It was his custom thus to brave the winter storms, because he was the owner of an overcoat; and, with such a protection against the snow and sleet, he believed it to be his duty to remain out-of-doors during every business hour. The coat did not exactly fit him, being so large that he wrapped it twice around his body, and had it tied at the back with several pieces of rope. But this was really no defect in the garment, according to his way of thinking, since he thus had a double thickness of cloth, and if it did nearly touch the ground, it gave him but little inconvenience.

All at once he was startled by Jenny, who suddenly appeared before him.

"What is it? What made you come down here?" he asked in astonishment, for the storm was so severe that he wondered why she had ventured out.

"Where are the other boys?" she asked, looking much as if she had been crying.

"Gone over to see Dory Lyons's trunk. But what's the matter?"

"November is very sick."

"November sick?" repeated Ikey in alarm.

"Yes. You know he was n't awake when you boys left the house; but as soon as he opened his eyes, Mother saw that he had some kind of a fever, an' he's been growing worse and worse ever since. I've been out nearly all the forenoon, buying things, and have spent my money. We must have a doctor, and I came to see if the boys had earned anything."

"Come in here!" exclaimed Ikey as he darted into a doorway; and when they were sheltered somewhat from the storm, he said quickly, as he turned his back upon Jenny, "Untie me."

All of the treasurer's friends knew that it was

necessary for him to have some assistance when he put on or took off his overcoat, and Jenny at once began to unfasten the lacings that kept Master Jarvis and his coat together. After this had been done, Ikey plunged his hand into the very bottom of an inside pocket, drawing out two quarters and a small collection of copper.

"Now tie me up, an' then you can use this money. I'll tell the other fellers as soon as I can find 'em, an' we'll have enough for you. Had I better let Jim Chick's crowd know that they can't come to-night?"

"No, don't do that. Everything is ready for them, an' we need all we can get out of the boarding-house just now."

Jenny took the money and hurried away as rapidly as possible, while Ikey stood looking after her, as if he almost doubted the truth of the sad news she had brought. Before she had disappeared from view, however, he started out to find his brother-directors, and met them with the new boarders and their friends coming up Fulton street, just as he turned down from Broadway to go toward the ferry.

"November is very sick!" Ikey cried while he was yet some distance away. "Jenny just came down to get some money for a doctor, an' I want all the cash you can give me to carry to her."

The boys stood for several seconds in speechless dismay, even those who had no interest in the boarding-house felt personally responsible for November's future welfare, and then a flood of questions was poured forth, none of which Ikey was able to answer. He could only repeat over and over again what Jenny had told him.

No one had even thought that any harm could come to the baby while he was under the care of so many, and the news that he was ill was all the more sad because it had been so unexpected.

Within half an hour from the time when Jenny had first met Ikey, every newsboy knew of November's illness, and there were few who did not offer to loan the directors money in case it should be needed to purchase medicine or luxuries for the baby. With three dollars which he had collected from the stockholders Ikey hurried home, while his brother-officers, their friends and acquaintances, gathered in the doorways to discuss the sad news.

CHAPTER V.

THE SICK BABY.

THE news that November was ill had really given Master Tousey such a shock that it was not until several moments after Ikey had started for home that he realized how prominent the treas-

urer was making himself in this matter, and of how little importance he himself appeared.

"What made Ikey Jarvis go so quick?" he asked angrily of Tom. "He did n't wait to hear what we had to say about it, an' I s'pose he's goin' to try to boss this business jest as he does everything else."

"I don't believe Mrs. Parsons will let him have very much to say while November's sick," replied Tom with a laugh; "an' besides, I never noticed that he tried to do that as much as you."

"I don't want to boss things," replied Sam, defiantly.

"Whatcher try to do when you made that rule?" asked Duddy Foss; and it was evident from the outburst of mirth that he had told all his friends and acquaintances of Master Tousey's pet regulation.

Sam was about to make an angry reply, when Tom said :

"Now see here, fellers, I don't feel much like fun when November's sick, an' it ain't jest the thing, 'cordin' to my way of thinkin'. If we can't do anythin' to help him, we need n't have any rows."

"That's what's the matter," said Duddy, emphatically; "but I don't see how we can do anything for him, 'cause we ain't any of us doctors, you know."

"Let's get him a whole bottle of medicine!" cried Pinney, a very brilliant idea presenting itself suddenly. Then pointing to an advertisement of some patent medicine that was conspicuously displayed upon a bill-board across the street, he added, "If we should chip in an' buy some of that stuff, we could have him well in no time. It won't mount to very much to get enough for a baby, an' then we'll save all the money that a doctor costs."

The boys scrutinized the flaming advertisement closely before venturing an opinion. Duddy Foss even walked across the street to read the placards, while the others, and more particularly Pinney, waited anxiously for his report.

"Cordin' to the way that bill reads, the medicine will cure most anything," Duddy said, as he returned to the doorway where the others were standing sheltered from the storm.

"Does it say that it's good for anybody that has a fever?" asked Pinney.

"Yes, it says that."

"Then there's nothin' else to do but jest give November 'bout half a bottle of it; that oughter be enough for a baby, ought n't it?"

Every boy present seemed to think that half a bottle of a compound possessing such wonderful curative powers as this particular medicine was

advertised to contain, surely ought to be sufficient to cure a baby as small as November; and more than one began to believe that Pinney White was more brilliant in the way of ideas than they had previously given him the credit of being.

At this point Ikey appeared. He reported that the physician had not yet arrived when he left the house, and that November was very sick. The boys at once began to explain Pinney's idea to the treasurer; but before they had concluded, Tom, who believed that it was necessary as quickly as possible to carry into effect any plan that was decided upon, said :

"If this stuff's what the baby oughter have, let's get it for him right away. The bills say the medicine will cure him, so we'll put up for a bottle, an' Pinney an' Ikey can carry it over to the house."

"Better make the man say that it will fix him right up," said Sam, determined to distinguish himself even at this late hour, if possible. "I'll go with you fellers, an' see that it's done in some kind of shape."

"Now, don't go to spoilin' things, Sam Tousey," said Duddy. "Ikey an' Pinney can get it without any help, an' the rest of us will wait here till they come back to tell us that November's well."

"But if it's goin' to cure him right up, let's all go to the house, an' see how surprised Mrs. Parsons an' Jenny will be," suggested Jack.

"That's the ticket!" cried Tom, fairly radiant now with happiness, while Sam had a regular attack of the sulks. "We'll all go up to see it work. It can't be any harm for us to be there if November is goin' to get well so quick."

This was another good idea; every one agreed to it at once. Each boy contributed sufficient to bring the total amount up to a dollar, and Ikey and Pinney set out to make the purchase.

The messengers were so eager to relieve Mrs. Parsons and Jenny from all anxiety, by restoring the baby to health, that it hardly seemed as if they could have gone around the corner on their way to the drug store, when they returned with the invaluable remedy in their possession.

The boys started at once, with the treasurer and Pinney leading the way, while Sam brought up the rear.

It was hardly more than five minutes from the time they had purchased the wonderful medicine, when Mrs. Parsons, who was sitting near the fire with the baby in her arms, was unpleasantly surprised by seeing fourteen boys troop into the room, each one bringing on his garments and feet a quantity of snow, and admitting the wintry blast in all its violence through the open door.

"Mercy on us!" cried the old lady, as she

hastily drew the blanket over the baby's head. "Will you boys never have common sense? It is as much as this child's life is worth to have that door opened on him so long, and all this snow brought into the room. Jenny!" she called to the landlady, who was at work in the kitchen, "bring the broom, and sweep this floor clean, quick!"

This was not exactly the kind of reception the boys had expected to receive when they were intending to do so much good, and some of the

ing to remove from the bottle; and while the others could see that the old lady was growing angry, he was blissfully ignorant of the fact.

"I guess I would n't make him take more 'n a cupful to begin with, an' if that don't fix him right up, we can pour in some more," Pinney said as he succeeded in his efforts. "You give it to him now, an' we 'll watch to see how it works."

"Pinney White!" exclaimed Mrs. Parsons as she pushed the bottle aside, holding her hand over November's face much as if she was afraid



"'TAKE THAT STUFF AWAY THIS MINUTE!' EXCLAIMED MRS. PARSONS."

party moved toward the door as if about to make their retreat; but they stopped as Pinney began to explain the purpose of their visit.

"We've come to fix November up in no time," the projector of the scheme said, as he hastily removed the wrappings from the bottle. "Here's some stuff that 'll cure everybody, no matter what's the trouble with 'em, an' all you've got to do is jest to give November as much as he 'll hold. We all paid our share toward buyin' it, an' if this ain't enough, we 'll get as much as he needs."

In his eagerness to make these explanations before Jenny should drive them out of the room, in order that she might sweep the floor, Pinney had not even glanced at Mrs. Parsons, or he might have hesitated before saying anything more. But he was gazing only at the cork, which he was try-

the boys might pour the medicine down the baby's throat by force. "Will you *never* have any common sense? Take that stuff away this minute, and if you *must* stay in the house, go into some other room, for I will not have you all here while this child is so sick."

"But you can cure him up by givin' him this," persisted Pinney, as he continued to hold the bottle toward the old lady.

"Go right out of this room!" and Mrs. Parsons stamped her foot to give greater emphasis to her words. "The idea of bringing patent medicine here to give a baby who has a fever! I ought n't to expect anything different from you, Pinney White; but I *should* have thought that Tom or Ikey would have had better sense."

Pinney looked at the old lady in entire bewil-

derment. He could not understand why she refused to give the baby the medicine; and he was about to begin again, when Jenny beckoned for him to come into the kitchen, where several of the boys had taken refuge at the first outburst.

Here the young landlady, after considerable trouble, convinced Master White that it would never do to give the medicine to November; and then Sam said, in what Pinney thought was a very disagreeable manner, "You fellers would n't listen to me when I tried to tell you what to do; but you all thought you knew so much that nobody could say anything."

"You did n't speak a word about not buyin' the medicine," Tom said quickly. "You believed jest the same as the rest of us did."

"Yes, an' all you wanted to do was to boss the job your way," said Ikey, indignantly.

Then Sam made an angry reply; one boy and another found occasion to make some remark, until every one was talking in his loudest tone, and the confusion was complete. It is very probable that neither the directors, the boarders, nor the visitors had any idea of the noise they were making; but Mrs. Parsons, Jenny, and even November were perfectly well aware of it. The latter began to cry loudly, and while Jenny was doing her best to still him, the old lady turned every boy out-of-doors, declaring that none of them should be allowed in the house while the baby was sick, unless they could remain quiet.

It was not until they were on the sidewalk that any of the party remembered that they had gained no information concerning November.

"Let's go down town," Pinney said, nervously. He was terribly afraid his companions might appoint him a committee of one to go back and ask questions. "What are you goin' to do with the medicine?"

"Make the man give the money back," suggested Duddy, and all the others, save Pinney and Ikey, seemed to agree with him.

Pinney suggested that perhaps the druggist might have some hesitation about returning the money, since the cork had been drawn and the wrappers removed; but Duddy appeared to think it a very trifling objection, for he said promptly:

"That don't make any difference at all; and if the man goes to findin' fault, pay him for the papers an' stopper; that'll settle it."

"S'pose you go an' talk to him about it," said Ikey, meekly.

"That would n't do, 'cause I'm not the feller that bought it. You an' Pinney go on an' get the money; we'll wait for you on the corner of Beekman street."

It was apparent that the treasurer and Pinney

were then extremely sorry that they had not allowed Sam to make the purchase; but regrets were unavailing at this late hour, and they walked on ahead of their companions, wishing that they had consulted Jenny before buying the medicine. Pinney was willing now that Ikey should take charge of the business, but the treasurer insisted that Master White must appear as prominently in the last transaction as he had in the first; and both the boys entered the store with decided reluctance.

Pinney stated the case to the druggist, when it was his turn to be waited upon, and he did it in the fewest possible words:

"Mister, Jenny an' her mother say as how this is not the right thing at all to give November,—an' Mrs. Parsons is mighty mad 'cause we bought it,—an' we want you to give us the money back."

It was fully a minute before the druggist appeared to understand what Pinney meant, and then, as the boy held up the bottle of medicine, he asked, "Did you buy that here?"

"Of course we did! Ikey an' I got it a little while ago, but the other fellers put in jest as much as we did."

"I can't take it back—it has been opened," said the man quickly, as he turned to wait upon an impatient customer who had just entered the store; "you had no business to buy it, if it was n't what you wanted."

"We thought it would fix the baby right up," persisted Pinney; "'cause the bills out here on Park Row say it will cure anything, an' Jenny told us that November was very sick. We have n't used any of it, an' we'll pay you for the paper that was 'round it."

"I can't sell it, now that it has been opened," said the druggist curtly; and then he disappeared behind a forest of bottles.

"I don't believe he'll give us anything for it," whispered Pinney.

But, in order that his partners in the patent medicine business might not accuse him of neglecting their interests, he called loudly, just as he and Ikey reached the door, "Say, mister, will you give us fifty cents for this stuff?"

"Get out of here!" cried a voice from the rear of the store. "I tell you I can't sell it, now that it has been opened!"

Pinney and Ikey were on the sidewalk before the man had ceased speaking, and Ikey remarked cheerfully, as they walked toward Beekman street:

"Never mind, Pinney; it did n't cost so very much after all, an' we can give it to some beggar. I would n't wonder if one-legged Tim would be about tickled to death to have it, an' ——"

"Here, boy, do you want to earn a dollar?"

Both turned quickly, and saw, directly behind them, a well-dressed man.

"I want a boy to do an errand for me," said the man.

"You hold the medicine, an' I 'll do the job," Pinney said to Ikey, in a low tone. "If I can earn a dollar, we 'll give back to the fellers what money they put in for the stuff, an' then they won't feel mad."

Ikey took the bottle and left Pinney to attend to the business, saying, as he did so :

"We 'll wait for you up on Beekman street."

"What is it you want me to do?" Pinney asked.

"You are to take this package to the corner of Wall street and Broadway," said the man, speaking in a low tone, and looking around as if he were afraid of being overheard. "You will find a gentleman waiting there, and you are to ask him if his name is Parker. If he says it is, tell him that you have brought the papers, but that you must have what he promised to give before you can deliver them. If he hands you a parcel, let him have this, and bring me what he gives you. Can you remember all that?"

"Of course I can," replied Pinney, promptly, and he repeated the directions he had received, concluding by saying, "But when do I get the dollar?"

"When you come back."

Master White started down the street at full speed, thinking that the man was very foolish to pay so much money for so trifling a service, and congratulating himself that he had been the messenger selected. He felt that since he had proposed the purchase of the medicine, it was his duty to refund the money his friends had contributed, and this opportunity to earn a dollar

seemed to be a remarkable and happy piece of good fortune.

When Ikey joined the rest of the boys, there was no slight amount of disappointment visible on their faces when they saw that he still had the bottle.

"That 's jest the way Pin White allers does things," Sam said, before Ikey could explain matters. "He had n't any more sense than to buy the stuff, an' after he 's made us put in our money for it, he sneaks off so 's we can't blow him up."

"He did n't sneak a bit," replied Ikey, sharply. "He 's got a chance to earn a dollar, an' he 's gone to get it so 's he can give each feller back what he put in. You 're allers ready, Sam Tousey, to kick up a fuss, an' you think you 're the only one that knows everything. Pinney 's goin' to do more than the square thing when he pays for the medicine himself."

"He shan't do that," said Duddy. "Every feller put in the money for the baby, an' Pinney 's got no business to lose any more 'n his share."

Every one, save Sam and Jack, agreed with Duddy. Master Tousey insisted so strongly that it was no more than just for Pinney to refund the money, that quite a heated discussion ensued, and it was at its height when Duddy cried out loudly as he pointed to the opposite side of the street :

"Look there! What 's the matter with Pinney White?"

The argument ceased very suddenly, as the boys, gazing in the direction designated by Duddy, saw poor Pinney being marched along in the grasp of two policemen, as if he had committed some terrible crime.

"Come on, fellers; let 's find out what 's up!" shouted Master Foss, as he started after the officers and their prisoner, and, in a few seconds, all the small newsdealers were in full pursuit.

(To be continued.)

MY FLOWERS.

BY MARY E. BRADLEY.

ALL in the early morning hours
I walked through blooming garden bowers,
Where purple pinks and pansies grew,
And roses sparkled in the dew.

They were so lovely in my sight,
I plucked the red ones and the white,
And with full hands I wandered down
Until I reached the busy town.

Then round me, like a swarm of bees,
Came ragged children, crying "Please!
Oh, please give me a flower!"—And so
I had to let my treasures go.

I gave them, every one, away;
But somehow all the long, warm day,
Those flowers seemed just as sweet and bright
As if they still were in my sight.

THE QUEERNESS OF QUELF.

By N. P. BABCOCK.



OU would hardly believe it,
I'm sure,—
I can scarcely believe it myself,—
That a person so dreadfully poor,
Such a shockingly ignorant boor,
Should be the Chief Ruler of Quelf.

But, you see, on that wonderful strand
Which is known as the Island of Quelf,
The man who can least understand
The importance of ruling the land
Is elected the Ruler himself.

For the people of Quelf have a way
Of looking most oddly at things.
To-morrow is there yesterday;
July comes a month before May;
And a baby in pain always sings.

The houses are built upside down,
Which, they say, saves a climbing of stairs;
The most brilliant color is brown;
There is n't a schoolhouse in town;
And conductors refuse to take fares.

When a burglar is caught stealing plate,
The inhabitants give him a purse;
For they argue his needs must be great,
Or he would n't be working so late,—
And their argument well might be worse.

"Where is Quelf?"—What a question to ask!
Don't you know that the Island of Quelf
Lies about north by south from Alask—
But why should I save you the task?
No, you really must find it yourself.

A BIRD THAT IS FOND OF SPORT.

THE falcon is one of the strongest birds for its size, as well as one of the swiftest fliers.

A hungry falcon has been known to pursue a carrier-pigeon that was hurrying home with dispatches at the rate of a hundred and fifty miles an hour, and catch it and dine on it without stopping to read the message.

The heron is almost all wings, except its legs and its neck and its beak, which don't weigh much, anyhow; and so, though it is a much bigger bird than the falcon, it prefers flight to fight whenever a falcon happens to come around. As the heron is tall in so many different directions, it finds difficulty in concealing its body in places where the falcon can not follow it; and as the falcon's method of seizing its prey is by swooping down upon it, the heron usually seeks to escape by keeping above the falcon; for so long as it can remain higher up, it is safe.

It is very exciting to watch a long white heron climbing up, up, in the air in narrow spirals, pursued by a compact, dark falcon, rising by sheer force of muscular power, and in much larger spirals, higher and higher until both birds are almost out of sight.

Then, all at once, the smaller one is seen to have passed the other. It drops upon its prey, grasping it with its strong talons—and killing it.

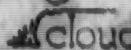
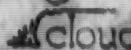
In olden times, kings and queens, nobles of high degree, gentry, priests and peasants thought no sport more entertaining than this; and falcons were caught and trained to chase some particular kind of game.

Falcons were usually released at the end of the hunting season, so they rarely grew very tame; and they were generally held by a leathern leash fastened to each leg by a strap, called a jess, as is shown in the illustration on the next page.





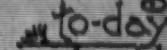
The Tea-Kettle Song.

Do you hear the song the tea-kettle sings
Above the fire-light's glow 
While the white steam floats like a 
And the fancies fall and flow?



Do you know the song the tea-kettle sings
A boy with the wondering eyes?
Long ago it was read by a boy like you
As he watched the steam-clouds rise.



And he learned that song and 'tis sung
Over every land and sea 
In the crowded town and the forest wild
And the hill top high and free.

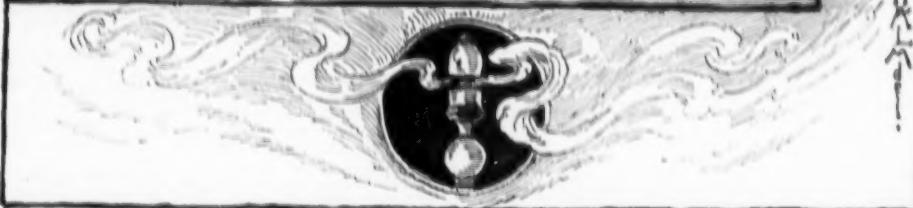


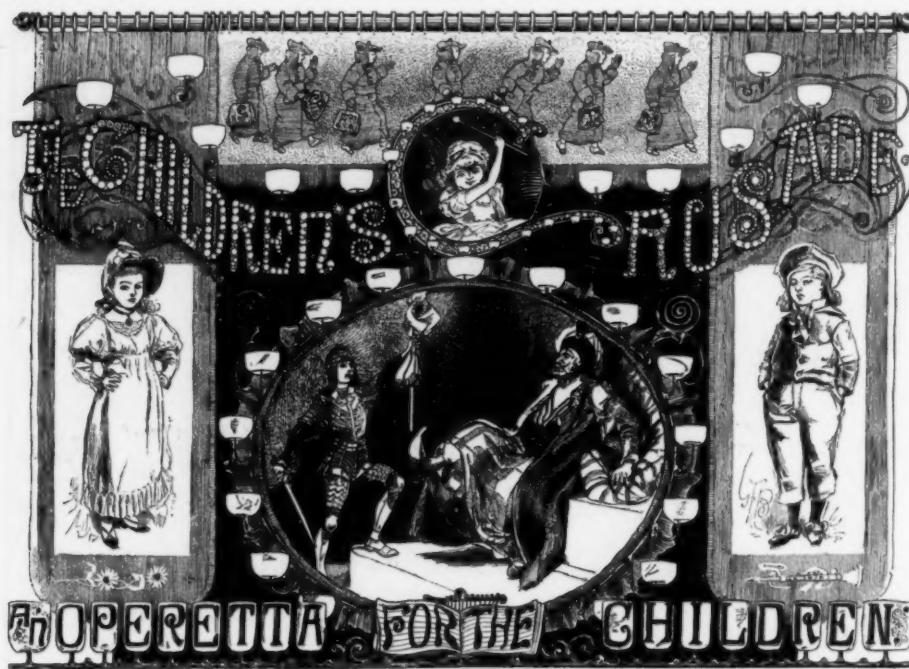
And the music that floats from the rush
And the roll of the rumbling wheel
Is the strain that was learned from the 
And written on bars of steel.

In the crowded town and the desert
 And the meadow where sweet birds
 And deep in the mountain's stormy breast
 You may hear its music ring.

Oh the music is rare that the echoes bear
 As they fling back the roll and peal
 Of the strains that were learned from the
 Tea-kettle's song
 And written on bars of steel.

And now can you guess what the tea-
 Rob, on that far-off night
 To the boy who watched as you're watch-
 By the fireside's flickering light





OPERETTA FOR THE CHILDREN.

BY E. S. BROOKS,

Author of the "Land of Nod," and "Comedies for Children."

MUSIC BY FREDERIC PRESTON.

[THIS Operetta aims to voice the rebellion of the children against the tyranny of the Sultan of Sulkydom, a grim and gruff old despot, who sometimes worries even the best of children. It calls for a large number of performers to assist in the choruses, although the speaking characters are not numerous. No change of scene is necessary, and the stage equipment need not be elaborate. The details demanding special attention, besides the careful training of the speaking characters and the choruses,—a matter of great importance,—are the costumes, the marches, and the arrangement of the "change of heads," explained at the close.]

CHARACTERS.

THE SULTAN OF SULKYDOM.—A gruff and gloom old tyrant who delights in making children sulky.

THE GRAND VIZIER.—The Sultan's Prime Minister and chief adviser.

DON'T PACHA,
WON'T PACHA, } The Sultan's Cabinet.

THE CALIPH OF OUT-OF-SORTS,

MARJORIE MONDAY,

TIMOTHY TUESDAY,

WINIFRED WEDNESDAY,

THADDEUS THURSDAY,

FLORA BELLE FRIDAY,

SOLomon SATURDAY,

SYLVIA SUNDAY,

THE FAIRY HOPEFUL.—Friend to the Children.

LITTLE I'LL TRY.—The Children's Herald and Standard-Bearer.

DICK, } Leaders of the chorus of children.

DOLLY, } Leaders of the chorus of children.

THE CHORUS OF FAIRIES.

THE CHORUS OF CHILDREN.

THE SULTAN'S SLAVES.

[The size of the Choruses must, of course, depend upon the material at hand. There should be at least seven fairies, seven slaves, and fifteen children, boys and girls.]

COSTUMES AND AGES.

THE SULTAN AND THE VIZIER should be "big" boys of sixteen or eighteen. Each should wear full Turkish costume, but these should differ in color and make-up, so that the change at the end can be readily apparent. The Sultan should have a bushy gray beard and fierce turned-up mustachios, and should wear the green turban and feather.

THE TWO PACHAS AND THE CALIPH should be boys of fifteen to seventeen, in Turkish costumes, wearing fezzes instead of turbans.

THE JUVENILE SEVEN should be children from eight to twelve, dressed in suits and dress of golden armor, as pretty, as glittering, and as correct (historically) as the costumer's art or the facilities of the managers can devise. Over this suit they should wear, at first, long ulsters or Newmarkets, and on their heads, "Tam o' Shanters" or polo caps.

I'LL TRY should have a suit of armor of gold or silver, or half and half. (These costumes will not be found difficult if a little taste or ingenuity is exercised.) He should be a boy of about ten or twelve.

THE FAIRY HOPEFUL—a girl of twelve or fourteen—and her attendant sprites should be in white tarlatan, with the regulation wings, tinsel, etc. HOPEFUL can be a trifle more elaborate than the rest, and should have a wand.

THE SULTAN'S SLAVES—strong boys of ten or twelve—should be in black tights, with white trunks; with black masks or blackened faces, and large brass ornaments in ears and on arms and ankles.

THE CHORUS OF CHILDREN.—In neat and pretty modern dresses, to add color and variety to the scene. DICK and DOLLY should be children of eight or ten.

THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE.

OPENING CHORUS.

Allegro con Spirito.

INTRODUCTION. *cresc.*

Children glum and children cheerful; Lots of love with
lots of strife—This makes up the children's life.

Lots of love with lots of strife— This makes up the
children's life; The children's life, the children's life.

(The Children's Chorus troops in, singing with spirit.)

Children mer - ry; children glad; children sor - ry;
children sad; Children gay and children tear - ful;

DICK. Oh, we could be always jolly!
DOLLY. If 't were not for melancholy;
DICK. Life would be with laughter laden
For each little man and maiden;
DOLLY. Life would be with pleasure bulky
If we were not sometimes sulky!
CHORUS. But, dear me! really, we
Can't keep off the sulks, you see!

CHORUS. For, when childhood's sun is shrouded,
Then the children's life is clouded.
So, dear me! really, we
Can't keep off the sulks, you see!
(Repeat first and second chorus.)

DICK. But why can't we always be jolly and gay?
DOLLY. Why can't we? Why can't we?
ALL (appealing to audience). Do tell us, we pray!
DICK AND DOLLY.

It's a riddle-me-ro, and it bothers us so
To think that no answer is given;
That we turn us about, with a mystified shout,
To the Jolly and Juvenile Seven.

[Enter the Juvenile Seven. They advance, seven abreast, down center to footlights, ulsters on and carpet-bags in hand. They bow to audience, and speak in turn.

MONDAY. I'm Marjorie Monday;
TUESDAY. Timothy Tuesday;
WEDNESDAY. Winifred Wednesday, gay;
THURSDAY. I'm Thaddeus Thursday;
FRIDAY. Flora Belle Friday;
SATURDAY. And Solomon Saturday.
SUNDAY. And I am Miss Sylvia Sunday, O,
So good — if I have my way!

THE SEVEN (in chorus).

And so are we all, and so are we all —
So good, if we have our way!

MONDAY. They say I am fair of face;
TUESDAY. They say I am full of grace;
WEDNESDAY. They say I am merry and glad;
THURSDAY. They say I am sour and sad;
FRIDAY. They say I am loving and giving;
SATURDAY. They say I must work for my living;
SUNDAY. And, because I was born on a Sabbath-day,

They say I am bonny and good and gay.

THE CHILDREN (critically). But you're not always so,
THE SEVEN (sadly). Oh, no; oh, no!

DICK. For sometimes you're sad —

DOLLY. And sometimes you're bad.

THE SEVEN (penitently).

And sometimes we're naughty, too.

DICK AND DOLLY. Then our riddle-me-re,
You can't answer, we see.

So — what are you going to do?

MONDAY. Oh, that's why we've got our ulsters on;
For we'll travel the wide world o'er —
TUESDAY. Over sea and land, till we understand
The secret of sorrow sore.
WEDNESDAY. Over land and sea shall our journey be,
THURSDAY. Until we discover why
FRIDAY. The children's day is not always gay,
SATURDAY. And why we must pout and cry.

[Enter FAIRY HOPEFUL and train.

HOPEFUL. Why — don't you know?

THE CHILDREN. Good gracious, though!

DICK AND DOLLY. Now pray, ma'am, who are you?

HOPEFUL. I'm a fairy bright,

And I'm Hopeful — quite,

By name and by nature, too!

[HOPEFUL stands center. Children gather around her.

In the far-off East — so 't is told to me —
Where the sun gets up from his bed in the sea,
There lives an old tyrant, all bearded and brown,
Who delights to make children fume, fret, fuss, and
frown.

From his palace so grim all your grievances come —
He's the cruel old Sultan of Sulkydom.
When the murky morning is dull and gray,
He summons his court and he hurries away
To the dear little children asleep in their beds.
And he twitches their toes and he tousles their heads
(Till, slowly from Sleepyland, worried they come)
Does this horrid old Sultan of Sulkydom.

And he glues up each eye, and he sews up each ear,
Till they can't see to dress, nor the breakfast-bell hear.
But woe to the boy, or the girl — so they say —
Who gets out of bed backwards at dawning of day!
For, from sunrise to dark, they are under the thumb
Of this crafty old Sultan of Sulkydom.

DICK. Oh, the cruel East-wind, blowing o'er the sea,
Bears this wicked tyrant straight to you and me;

DOLLY.

Straight to you and me, dear, do his torments come.

THE CHILDREN.

Save us, Fairy Hopeful, from this Sultan of Sulkydom!

HOPEFUL. In the olden days, in their robes arrayed,
Did the hermit and priest preach the great crusade;
And the Eastern lands felt the strength and might
Of the gleaming blade of each mail-clad knight.
But never did heathen more hateful become
Than this wicked old Sultan of Sulkydom.
So I preach to the children a new crusade, —
A battle for each little man and maid.
Who will arm for the fray? And with sword and with shield

Who will make this old autocrat tremble and yield?

He will quiver and quake when the children come —

He's a craven old Sultan of Sulkydom.

DICK. O, the sulky old Sultan! The horrid old man!

DOLLY.

Lead us on! Let us march! Just as quick as we can!

THE CHILDREN.

Down, down with the tyrant! Too long has he thriven,
Who'll lead us?

THE SEVEN (skipping boldly and solidly to the front).
The Jolly and Juvenile Seven!

THE CHILDREN. Oh, will you, though?

THE SEVEN. Oh, won't we, though?

And we'll see the *quietsus* given

To this Sultan bold, and this tyrant old —

THE CHILDREN. Hurrah for the Juvenile Seven!

MONDAY. And that's why we've our ulsters on;

TUESDAY. For we'll travel the wide world o'er —

WEDNESDAY. Over sea and land, till at last we stand

THURSDAY. At the Sultan of Sulkydom's door,

FRIDAY. Over land and sea shall our journey be,

SATURDAY. By nothing on earth dismayed,

SUNDAY. Till this Sultan dread bows his hoary head —

THE SEVEN (majestically).

To the glorious Children's Crusade!

HOPEFUL. But not in that dress must ye onward press,

To conquer this tyrant strong.

Oh, 't would be absurd, for whoever heard
Of crusaders in ulsters long?
So stand ye out, oh, Seven so stout!
My clever, courageous crew,
By my magic aid be ye now arrayed
In armor all gleaming and new!

[She waves her wand; the ulsters are thrown off, and disclose the SEVEN in suits of gleaming armor. Seven fairies trip in, each with helmet, sword, and shield for the seven champions.

HOPEFUL. Thus, with sword and shield
Shall ye go afield,
To vanquish the Sultan bad.

Be each maid of mark a Joan of Arc,
And each boy a Galahad!

DICK (looking at the Seven in admiration).

My, are n't they fine! Oh, how they shine!
We all repine for clothes like those.

DOLLY. They glimmer and gleam till they really look
As if they'd stepped out of a picture-book.

[The Seven advance, all abreast, to footlights, and speak in turn as on p. 458.

MONDAY. I'm Marjorie Monday; etc., etc.

SUNDAY. And I am Miss Sylvia Sunday, O,
And down with the Sultan, I say!

THE SEVEN. And so do we all! And so do we all!
Down, down with the Sultan, we say!

CHORUS OF FAIRIES. Dancing, glancing,
All entrancing,

Bright and sprightly, children run.
Beaming, streaming, glory-gleaming,
Rare and fair with joy and fun.

Yours the victory if ye say,
"Do and Dare shall win the day!"

THE SEVEN. But who will bear our banner fair,
Our glorious standard of Right?
Who will carry the flag,
Lest our courage lag,—

And flutter it free in our sight?

[Enter little I'LL TRY, with the Children's Standard—a golden banner with a crimson star.

I'LL TRY. Oh, let me bear your banner bright,
As it floats o'er your brave array;
Oh, let me lead, as you onward speed
'Gainst the Sultan so grim and gray.
Oh, from head to heel, I'll be true as steel
To each little man and maid.

My name is I'LL TRY, and my flag shall fly
At the head of the Children's Crusade!

[If practicable, a simple and pretty drill of the Seven and their standard-bearer could be given here with charming effect, followed by the Chorus of Children and Fairies.

CHORUS OF CHILDREN AND FAIRIES.

Over the mountain, and over the lea,
And over the bounding ocean,
By ford, by fountain, and billowy sea,
The children are all in motion.

March, march, on we go,
Gleaming in bright array;

March, march, toward our foe,
The Sultan so grim and gray.

Then, sing we, ho! and sing we, hey!

Look out! for the children come,

Marching undismayed, on their great crusade,
'Gainst the Sultan of Sulkydom!

[They are about to march off, right, when at left, behind scenes, a bugle sounds, and the voice of the GRAND VIZIER is heard calling loudly.

VIZIER. Ho! Room for the Sultan of Sulkydom!
THE CHILDREN (stopping short in march and wheeling around to left). Who calls with such might and main?

HOPEFUL. Why, much I fear, 't is the Grand Vizier,
And the Sultan of Sulkydom's train.

[The fairies exit, right, and the children mass themselves at right, with the Seven and standard-bearer central as the GRAND VIZIER enters, left, preceded by trumpeter and followed by two slaves.

GRAND VIZIER (pompously).

Ho! Room for the Sultan of Sulkydom!

And—room for his Grand Vizier,
By mountain and fountain and dale we come,
To bother the children dear.

To vex and perplex them with fret and fear,
Over river and sea we come.

Then ho! stand clear, for the Grand Vizier,
And—the Sultan of Sulkydom!

[Enter now, the SULTAN OF SULEYDOM seated cross-legged on a crimson divan (on wheels), drawn by six slaves. He is preceded by his standard-bearer (with crimson standard and gold crescent), with slaves bearing great fans at either hand. His page stands by his side, and his cabinet follows his divan; Chorus of Slaves and Ministers as the car enters. It stops central, rear, and the slaves and ministers divide to left, opposite the children.

CHORUS OF CABINET AND SLAVES.

Hey—hey—out of the way,

All that is pleasant and fair!

Steer clear, far from us here,

Happiness, precious and rare!

Now—now, low as we bow,

Down to our master so glum!

[They all salaam low.

Quail—wall; loudly we hail

The Sultan of Sulkydom!

* The slaves prostrate themselves.

man; 'Tis my re - gu - lar sport to
glum, Your salaams give in greeting to the
summon my court, And do all the mischief I
children's mass-meeting* From the Sultan of Sul - ky -
can, And do all the mischief I
dom;† Come.. hith - er my cab - in -
can, my boys, Till the chil - dren all cranky
bri - tried and true, Be ye known to the chil - dren's
come, Then I ruf - sic their fears, and I
thoughts, Here is Won't Pach - a, here is

leave them in tears, I'm the Sul - tan of Sul - ky -
Don't Pach - a, And the Cal - iph of Out of
dom! I'm the Sul - tan! I'm the Sul - tan! I'm the
Sorts!‡ I'm the Sul - tan! I'm the Sul - tan! I'm the
Sul - tan of Sul - ky - dom! Sul - tan of Sul - ky - [OAH!] dom!

SULTAN. But highty-tighty and gracious me!
What are all these youngsters about?
And why are they here? Oh, Grand Vizier,
Do their mothers know they're out?

VIZIER. The children to-day, O Sultan gray!

Are not easily overcome,

SULTAN. Then, fret them awhile in the usual style
Of the Sultan of Sulkydom!

[The SEVEN march, all abreast, from right to center, then front-face
and march to footlights, salute audience, and wheeling around,
face the SULTAN, speaking in turn as before.

MONDAY. I'm Marjorie Monday; etc., etc.

SUNDAY. And I am Miss Sylvia Sunday, O.

And I'm going to have my say!

THE SEVEN. And so are we all,—and so are we all
Just going to have our say!

SULTAN (rising, much disturbed).

Why — highty-tighty — gracious me!

They're going to have their say!

VIZIER. That's nothing new; they always do —

The boys and girls to-day!

SULTAN. But I never was faced in a way so queer;
I don't like it at all. O Grand Vizier,

Do you really think these youngsters would come
To threaten the Sultan of Sulkydom?

VIZIER. 'T is very likely, O Sultan gray;
For the boys — ah, yes, and the girls of to-day,
Will tackle the awkwardest task.

* The Slaves salaam derisively to Children.

† The Cabinet salaam to SULTAN.

‡ Each Minister salaams to Children derisively, as introduced.

They are not afraid of a single thing;
They say that a cat can look at a king;
And they're not at all backward to ask.

CHORUS OF CHILDREN.

Hark! hark! children are forming!
Hark! hark! children are swarming!
Marching in bright array.
Tired—so tired—of sulking and sighing;
Tired—so tired—of pouting and crying;
Bound to be merry and gay.
Hark to us! hear to us!
Sultan, give ear to us!
Facing thee, boldly we come.
Shout it in air: down with dull care
And the Sultan of Sulkydom!

[The Herald, I'LL TRY, here advances from before the SEVEN to the SULTAN'S divan, and, supporting himself with the standard, announces:

I'LL TRY. I am Herald for the Children,
To thee they bid me come;
Now, yield thee, yield thee prisoner,
O Sultan of Sulkydom!
The Children gay, in brave array,
Here to thy face have come.
Surrender ye! surrender ye!
O Powers of Sulkydom!

SULTAN (with *braggadocio*).

Ho! Joke most rare! These children dare
In arms to face us here!
Surrender? Ho! Surrender? No!
What say you, Grand Vizier?

VIZIER. It seems to me—

CABINET AND SLAVES. And it seems to us all—

VIZIER. We should treat their demand with scorn.

If we yield up you, what is left us to do?
Our occupation's gone!

CHORUS OF CABINET AND SLAVES.

If we yield up you, what is left us to do?
Our occupation's gone!

[Here the Cabinet—the two pachas and the caliph—approach the children in a threatening, but inquisitive, manner. They look at the children critically.

THE CABINET. Oh, let us inspect them, Sultan gray;
Let us look these children o'er;
For, we're able—yes—yes—and we're ready to say,
We have seen all these youngsters before.

WON'T PACHA.* For some of them flout,
And some of them pout,

And some of them grumble and growl,

DON'T PACHA. And all, we may say,

When they can't have their way,

Just stamp on the floor and howl.

OUT-OF-SORTS. Our slaves, then, are they!

Let us lead them away,

Though their tears flow in pints and quarts—

WON'T. The Pacha of Won't;

DON'T. The Pacha of Don't;

OUT-OF-SORTS. And the Caliph of Out-of-Sorts!

[They advance toward the children, who exclaim, hastily, but very positively:

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THE CHILDREN.

Oh, no; you are wrong; you are certainly wrong!

You've just made that up in your thoughts.

For we never say "Won't!"

And we never say "Don't!"

And we never are out of sorts!

THE CABINET (accusingly, to the SEVEN).

And as for this Jolly and Juvenile Seven,

To them too much credit has always been given.

WON'T. For Monday is proud of her fair young face,
DON'T. And Tuesday talks loud of his style and grace,
OUT-OF-SORTS.

And Wednesday can cry, though she's merry and glad,
WON'T.

And Thursday? Why, Thursday is sour and sad;
DON'T.

Miss Friday boasts much of her loving and giving,
OUT-OF-SORTS.

And Saturday never will work for his living;
ALL THREE.

While as for Miss Sunday, so bonny and gay,
She only is so—when she has her own way!

I'LL TRY (hopefully).

But they've made me the Captain in this Crusade,
And I've pledged every boy, and I've pledged every maid,

That hereafter, they'll try to be happy and bright,
Obliging and pleasant and nice and polite.

They'll try it, I know, every lassie and lad;

Only thus can they conquer this Sultan so bad.

And strong in this spirit to rout you they've come;
So yield to them, Sultan of Sulkydom!

[The SEVEN rally around their Standard-bearer, and face the SULTAN defiantly, while the ministers and slaves draw closely around their master. The SEVEN assume a spirited attitude, and speak in turn.

MONDAY. I'm Marjorie Monday; etc., etc.

SUNDAY. And I am Miss Sylvia Sunday, O,
So yield to us, Sultan gray!

THE SEVEN. And so say we all! and so say we all!

Yield, yield to us, Sultan gray!

SULTAN, VIZIER, CABINET AND SLAVES (laughing chorus). Well, it's ha, ha, ha, and it's ho, ho, ho!

We never, never, never saw the like of that!

Here these children small on the Sultan call,
Demanding his surrender very sharp and flat!

So, it's ha, ha, ha, and it's ho, ho, ho!

It excites our risibilities to see them come;
Though they beg for it, we'll not yield a bit—

We're the Sultan and the Cabinet of Sulkydom!

THE SEVEN (wheeling around and facing the children).

Then all hands 'round, here, children all;

Let your noisiest song be given,

As ye dance in sport 'round the Sultan's Court,

For the Jolly and Juvenile Seven!

[Here the children join hands in a merry-go-round, encircling the SULTAN and his train, if the chorus is large enough, while the SEVEN march and countermarch before the enemy. The SULTAN and ministry draw together in evident distrust and dislike of all this fun and frolic.

* Pronounced *Pa-shah*.

CHILDREN'S CHORUS (*for the "all hands 'round"*).

'Round, 'round, here we go 'round ;

Hark to our roundelay !

Sing, sing, joyfully sing,

Merry and cheery and gay !

Run, run, laughter and fun

Drive away trouble and care !

'Round, 'round, here we go 'round,

Singing our liveliest air !

So, so, jolly we go,

All hands around we come !

Pooh ! Pooh ! Who cares for you —

[Snapping their fingers in his face.

Sultan of Sulkydom ?

[The SULTAN and ministry, distracted at the noise and romp, lift their hands in horror and protestation, and the SULTAN advances imploringly.

SULTAN.

Oh, stop it; pray, stop it ! I'm dazzled and stunned

With your romp and your riot and rout ;

I'm flustered and flurried and dizzy and dumb.

Say, — what are you youngsters about ?

I don't like to see children so jolly and blithe ;

I would rather you'd grumble and pout.

Oh, you'll have me quite dazed

And speedily crazed

With your gallop and glitter and shout !

CHORUS OF CABINET AND SLAVES.

Yes; you'll have us all dazed

And speedily crazed

With your gallop and glitter and shout !

[The SEVEN, turning to the children, say, joyfully in turn :

MONDAY. Oh, pleasure and play

TUESDAY. And laughter gay

MONDAY AND TUESDAY (*together*).

Send the blues to the right-about !

WEDNESDAY. And the sulks they flee

THURSDAY. From the sound of glee,

WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY (*together*).

And a smile will conquer a pout.

FRIDAY. Then, Hey ! Away !

SATURDAY. With our chorus gay

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY (*together*).

Once more to the charge we come !

SUNDAY.

For all dismayed by our bright crusade

Is the Sultan of Sulkydom !

[Here the Chorus of Children, joining hands again, repeat the evolutions and song of the "All Hands 'Round" chorus. The SULTAN and his train stand it as long as they can, and, at the last, stuffing their fingers or their robes into their ears, they break through the ring of children, and rush off the stage — right. The children dash after them, dragging the SULTAN's divan, followed by the Standard-bearer. The SEVEN wave their swords victoriously, and advance, all abreast, to footlights, and speak in turn.

MONDAY. I'm Marjorie Monday; etc., etc.

SUNDAY. And I am Miss Sylvia Sunday, O,

And we've routed the Sultan gray !

THE SEVEN. And so say we all, — and so say we all —

We've routed the Sultan gray !

[The Children cheer, outside.

THE SEVEN. What means that shout ?

I'LL TRY (*rushing in with standard*).

We've completed the rout

Of the Sultan so grim and glum ;

And we beg to report —

[The Children all troop in, shouting.

CHILDREN. Hey ! We've captured the court

And the Sultan of Sulkydom !

THE SEVEN (*severely*).

Then we wish it distinctly stated

That this Sultan here,

And his Grand Vizier,

Must both be decapitated !

DOLLY (*puzzled*). Oh, what's that you said ?

THE SEVEN. Why — Off with his head !

I'LL TRY. Then, off both their heads must come !

DICK (*vociferously, as the children troop off — right*).

And thus will we close all our worries and woes

From the Sultan of Sulkydom.

[Exit all, right. Enter, left, after a bar of light music has been played, FAIRY HOPEFUL and her train, singing.

FAIRY CHORUS.

Lightly tripping, brightly skipping,
Tripping, skipping, lightly tripping,
O'er the flowery plain.

Flying hither, flying thither,

Come we all again.

Come we all with anxious yearning,

For each man and maid,

Yearning for their home returning,

From their great crusade.

HOPEFUL.

Hark ! the fairy messengers, — Midget, sprite, and bee, —

Whisper, soon the fairies all shall the children see !

Sisters, lift our welcome-song ; raise the joyous strain,

Clear and fair on radiant air, — welcome home again !

FAIRY CHORUS.

Gay we greet the restless feet ;
Sound the music clear !

Ring, ye bells, with joyous swells ;

Sound the music clear !

Welcome ! Welcome !

Welcome, children, dear !

CHILDREN (*heard without*). Here we come !

FAIRIES (*listening*). Here they come !

ALL. Sound the music clear !

CHILDREN (*without*). Here we come.

FAIRIES (*listening*). Here they come.

Welcome, children dear !

CHILDREN (*at hand*). Here we come.

FAIRIES (*in welcome*). Here they come.

ALL. Sound the music clear !

[Enter the SEVEN, — preceded by Standard-bearer. They advance as usual, all abreast, to the footlights, salute, and say :

MONDAY. I'm Marjorie Monday ; etc., etc.

SUNDAY. And I am Miss Sylvia Sunday, O,

And I think we have won the day !

THE SEVEN.

And so say we all — and so say we all —

We think we have won the day !

[Here the children troop in, dragging in their midst the SULTAN'S divan. On this divan a dais has been raised, on which rest the heads of the SULTAN and GRAND VIZIER (for construction, see note at end of operetta); after it, follows the train of the SULTAN in chains. As the children come in, they sing with spirit the Victory Chorus.

CHILDREN'S CHORUS.

Victory! victory! Our shouts ring loud and high.
Victory! victory! Oh, free let our banner fly.
Victory! victory! Joyous and undismayed.
Victory! victory! Crowned is the children's crusade!

Hurrah, hurrah for our glorious gains!
We are bringing the sulky court in chains!
Hurrah, hurrah, for the children come,
With the head of the Sultan of Sulkydom!

[The car is left in the center, with the prisoners and children grouped around it, left and right. In front, left, the SEVEN and their Standard-bearer; right, the FAIRY HOPEFUL and train.

HOPEFUL (*approaching the heads*).

O head of the Sultan of Sulkydom,
And head of the Grand Vizier!
What have you to say, ere you're dragged away
By these valorous children here?

THE SULTAN'S HEAD.

I'm the head of the Sultan of Sulkydom!

THE VIZIER'S HEAD.

I'm the head of the Grand Vizier!

BOTH (*in slow and solemn unison*).

But we'd feel more inclined to speak our mind,
If our bodies were only here.
To be heads without bodies, we'd have you know,
Is a most discouraging bore.
We'll be awfully good, and we'll never be rude,
If you'll give us our bodies once more.

HOPEFUL. O head of the Sultan of Sulkydom,

And head of the Grand Vizier,—

I think, perhaps, you've been punished enough,
By your body-less presence here.
If I give you your bodies back again,
Will you promise the children dear,
Not to worry them more, with your torments sore—

O Sultan and Grand Vizier?

THE HEADS (*solemnly, but decidedly*).

We would promise it free, on bended knee,
If we had any knees to bend!
We would promise our part, with hand on heart,
If we'd hand or heart to lend!
No more will we scoff, if you'll let us off,
And the children from worry we'll save.
This we promise as well as our tongues can tell;
They are all that we happen to have!

HOPEFUL.

Well, what do you say, crusaders small,
Can they have back their bodies for good and all?

CHILDREN. Oh, yes, if they'll do as they say.

THE SEVEN.

If they'll leave us in peace, why, we don't care a red
What the Sultan of Sulkydom does with his head,

CHILDREN. Or his body so grim and gray!

HOPEFUL (*waving her wand*).

By my fairy art, which can join and part,
O bodies, I bid you come
To the lone heads here of the Grand Vizier
And the Sultan of Sulkydom!

[The dais falls apart, and the SULTAN and the GRAND VIZIER step down. They salaam to HOPEFUL and to the children. Then they look at each other—start in surprise and dismay, and say, greatly agitated, to the fairy :

SULTAN. Oh, here's a mistake!

VIZIER. Here's a dreadful mistake!

BOTH. You have certainly muddled your mercy.

SULTAN. There's the Grand Vizier's head
On my body instead.

VIZIER. And the Sultan's is *vice versa*!

[The children crowd in wonder at this singular change of bodies.

DICK. O, which is which, and who is who?

It is really a puzzle most queer.

DOLLY. Now, which is the Sultan of Sulkydom?
And which is the Grand Vizier?

HOPEFUL.

Well, they're mixed and bothered the children so
That to this at last have they come;
And 't will never be clear, which is Grand Vizier,
And which Sultan of Sulkydom.

[To the puzzled pair.

But your bodies can order your heads around,
And your heads your bodies, too;
And if you'll resolve the puzzle to solve,
You'll find you have plenty to do.

DICK AND DOLLY.

It's a riddle-me-ro, and it bothers us so,
To think that no answer is given,
That we turn us about, with a mystified shout,
To the jolly and juvenile Seven.

[The SEVEN, evidently puzzled as to this case of mixed identities, march slowly forward, all abreast, as usual, to footlights, pause, and then say, confidentially, to audience:

MONDAY. I'm Marjorie Monday;

TUESDAY. Timothy Tuesday;

WEDNESDAY. Winifred Wednesday, gay;

THURSDAY. I'm Thaddeus Thursday;

FRIDAY. Flora Belle Friday;

SATURDAY. And Solomon Saturday;

SUNDAY. And I am Miss Sylvia Sunday, O,

But I'm dreadfully puzzled to say!

THE SEVEN.

And so are we all, and so are we all;
We are dreadfully puzzled to say!

HOPEFUL.

It's a riddle-me-ro, and 't will puzzle them so,
Through the rest of their natural life,
That no time can they get the children to fret;
So you're free from their worry and strife.

THE SEVEN.

It's a riddle-me-ro, and 't will puzzle them so,
That they'll certainly crazy become;
So we never need fear this old Grand Vizier,
Nor the Sultan of Sulkydom!

[The SULTAN and GRAND VIZIER fall disconsolately back against the divan, revive and seem to argue the matter together, while children, fairies, and all the rest join in the final chorus. The curtain should fall on an effective tableau, which may be arranged with the Seven central and the other characters grouped about them. If there is no curtain, the operetta can close with a spirited march off the stage, all but the SULTAN and GRAND VIZIER repeating the latter part of the following finale:

Allegro.

foe we rout! over tum - ble, growl and

grum - ble, Down we pull the Sul - tan's throne.

If we're pout - y, glum or grout - y, 'Tis

no-bod - y's fault but just our own, 'Tis

no-bod - y's fault but just our own. Gay cru -

Sing it, ring it, gai - ly sing it,

Mer - ri - ly, cheer-i - ly, sing it out;

Shout the cho - rus, full be - fore us, Thus the

chil - dren's foe we rout! Thus the chil - dren's

sad - - ers these in - vad - - ers,

Of.... our joys.... we've o - ver-

- come; Sound the cão - rus gai - ly

o'er us, We're free from the Sul - tan of Sul - ky -

dom ! We're free from the Sultan of Sul - ky-dom !

From the Sul - tan of Sul - ky-dom ! We're

free from the Sul - tan of Sul - ky - dom !

CURTAIN.

[NOTE.—The decapitation of the heads and the change of bodies is an old trick which can be used to advantage here, with little trouble. After the rout of the SULTAN and his train, he and his GRAND VIZIER should at once change their suits, but without changing their wigs or head-gear. The dais is a light frame-work,

covered with bright cloth, which divides in the center, and is cut to fit the neck, and draped at top so as to look, when closed, as if the heads rested on it. The two can sit or kneel inside this frame-work, holding it together from inside. When HOPEFUL gives the word, the frame-work drops and the re-united bodies step out.]

LITTLE MITTENS.

BY TOBE HODGE.



IN a street-car, not long ago, I saw a sweet, chubby face, made rosy by the frosty air nipping at it. It had a nose set up in a pointed way above a bow-shaped mouth,—such a mouth!—one of those that seem in constant readiness to break into a smile or a kiss or to say something to somebody. Short curly hair circled about a white neck and tiny ears, and out over a smooth forehead from under a well-worn knitted hood. The coat worn by the little girl, to whom all this belonged, was coarse and thin, but fitted well some seven or eight years of shapeliness; and out of its sleeves stuck a pair of new, warm, bright-red mittens.

She sat directly across the car from me. From under rather scanty skirts extended two legs covered with well-darned stockings, and on her feet were shoes—made, I dare not guess when—which pulled her toes down to just above the straw in the car, as if coaxing them into a snug, warm resting-place that was just out of reach. I mentally dubbed her "Little Mittens." But what charmed me most about her was the admiring look of interest and admiration in her bright brown eyes, which were directed to a baby who sat in its nurse's lap, on the seat beside Little Mittens.

The baby was clad in robes, almost royal, em-

bossed from head to at least a yard beyond any baby's foot with embroidered monograms, circles, and flowers of as yet uncreated species,— all that could possibly be crowded on a soft white foundation of something or other in the merino line. On the baby's head was a cap so be-puffed, be-frilled, and be-ribboned, that it was hard to tell where the cap left off and the head began; but out of the mass peeped a baby face such as angels might love to pet. It was a royal baby too, in beauty and brightness,— fit to grace any degree of royalty. In the eyes of Little Mittens it seemed even now to be a real born princess—she had never seen such a baby and such a dress at the same time.

The conductor came along and officially demanded his fare. The nurse searched invisible pockets, visited with trembling hands all possible places where "change" might be; then moved the baby from one side of her aproned lap to the other, as the fear grew upon her that she had lost her money, and as her confusion grew greater.

Little Mittens thought she saw what was the matter. Her whole face contracted with anxiety

and flushed with excitement. "Please, ma'am," she asked, with timid voice, "have you lost it?"

The nurse took no notice of the sympathizing inquiry, and did not answer. Little Mittens did not mind that. She got down on her knees and looked through the straw, turning it up like a chicken scratching; she rose and examined the cushioned car-seat with flying hands; but not finding anything, she looked pleadingly into the stern face of the conductor, then into the woe-begone face of the nurse, who was getting herself and the baby ready to leave the car. She took in the whole situation; the baby was to be put off; the nurse had lost her money. The car was stopped; there was no time to lose. She almost tore off her mittens; from one of them she took a curled-up paper, and out of it some pennies.

"Please, sir," she said to the conductor, "don't put it off. I'll pay; here's the money."

I know where Little Mittens lives, but I did n't think that nurse did; yet that very afternoon a royal baby, rich in flaxen curls and royal robes, made a most delightful call on Little Mittens.



"OH, YOU LOVELY BABY! HOW DO YOU DO?"



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

ONCE more I greet you, dear April foo — no, April friends! To be sure some of us are April fools in one way or another, just as we are often May, June, or July fools, without being helped to it by our fellows; but the Deacon and the dear Little School-ma'am tell me that April fooling, as a general pastime, is fast going out of fashion,—that is, among good human folk. Where birds and breezes and will-o'-the-wisps are concerned, it's quite a different matter. *They* enjoy it. Hear this little incident now, as related for you by Lilian Dynevor Rice:

'T was the sunshiny, showery season,
When winter gives way to spring,
The sky and the dancing ocean
Were bright as a bluebird's wing.
Bravely the tender flowers
Were putting their blossoms forth,
When suddenly came a tempest
Of wind from the icy north,

With a hurry-scurry of snow-flakes,
Which pelted the apple-trees
And romped with the baby blossoms,
Who thought they would surely freeze;
While the daffodils and the tulips
Grew pallid and weak with fear,
And wished themselves safe in Holland
Till a pleasanter time o' year.

But the tempest sunk to silence,
The bad little snow-flakes fled,
And the sun shone out in splendor
From clustering clouds o'erhead,
And the sweet south wind came laughing,
In place of the north wind cool,
And cried, "Oh, you foolish flowers!
'T was only 'An April Fool!'"

INSECT WEATHER PROPHETS.

NOT long since we found out that several animals were good weather prophets, and now here is a clipping sent us by a friend which seems to show that even insects have a good claim to the same title:

"Some months ago the natives of a certain district in New South Wales left their low-lying camping grounds for the higher country, saying that a flood was approaching. A few weeks later the floods came; and the natives said that their sole information regarding them was gathered from the insects, which had built their nests in the trees instead of on the ground, as usual."

AN EVERY-DAY MESSAGE.

THE Little School-ma'am was giving the girls' class, the other day, a few hints concerning what the boys call top-loft-ical politeness, and, as an instance, she quoted a message which a lady of Quito sent another lady in that highly polished region. She says that the Spanish-Americans practice politeness as a solemn duty. They are as familiar with their ordinary society phrases as they are with their prayers. Their civility is no studied hypocrisy, but becomes a matter of habit most rigidly cultivated.

This is the message which the lady of Quito sent to her friend by a servant: "Go to the Señorita Fulana de Tal, and tell her that she is my heart and the dear little friend of my soul. Tell her that I am dying for not having seen her, and ask her why she does not come to see me. Tell her that I have been awaiting her for more than a week, and that I send her my best respects and considerations; and ask her how she is and how her husband is, and how each one of her children is, and whether they are all well in the family. And assure her that she is my little love, and ask her whether she will not be kind enough to send me that pattern she promised me the other day."

The strangest thing about all this is that the servant does n't forget any part of such a message.

"But, no indeed," says the person who told the Little School-ma'am, "the Quito messenger will deliver with parrot-like fidelity, and in a strange, monotonous, sing-song tone of voice, the complete mass of compliments confided to his charge."

A MILK-FED PUMPKIN.

ONE of the peculiarities of a two hundred and fifty pound pumpkin, grown at Newburgh, N. Y., is that it was fed on milk. A root was sent out from the vine to a basin of milk, and it consumed a pint of the fluid each day.

The Little School-ma'am says that perhaps this big pumpkin was doing what he could toward helping to make himself into pumpkin-pies. "How would it do," he adds, "to make the experiment next year of putting another root into a sugar-bowl, a third into a full egg-beater, and a fourth into a pan of pie paste? Perhaps then you might be

able to pick your pumpkin pies and tarts fresh from the vine!"

A LIVELY LITTLE DUEL.

DEAR JACK: I have seen in your pleasant pages so many accounts of strange doings that I take the liberty of telling you about an occurrence which happened under my own observation.

One day, last summer, we all were seated on the veranda, when our attention was attracted by the strange behavior of a couple of insects that were tumbling furiously about on the ground close at hand.

Upon examination these proved to be a yellow-

jacket and a honey-bee of the tame species, engaged in deadly combat.

The bee was trying its best to find some part of the yellow-jacket's body soft enough to pierce with its sting; while the yellow-jacket kept steadily at work cutting the bee in two with its sharp mandibles. In this it succeeded, and, taking up half of the body, flew away, returning shortly for the rest.

Hoping this true story may prove of interest, I remain yours truly,

F. B. C.

FINALLY, my friends, you shall have as a first of April story, this preposterous jingle of "The Playful Pheasant."



There once was a Playful old Pheasant,
Who thought practical joking was pleasant,
Till the neighbors, one day,
To his utmost dismay,
Sent some dynamite round for a present.



EDITORIAL NOTES.

ALL readers of ST. NICHOLAS who remember Mr. E. S. Brooks's charming operetta of "The Land of Nod," printed in these pages a few years ago, will be glad to find in the present number "The Children's Crusade," a new operetta by Mr. Brooks, which can hardly fail to be as popular as the first. Notwithstanding the pressure upon our space, we have given this operetta entire, as it will interest the general reader perhaps almost as much as those young folks who may undertake its performance. There are, however, of the music four additional choruses, for which we have not been able to make room in ST. NICHOLAS. They are: A chorus for the children, entitled, "For when Children's Sun is Shrouded"; a chorus of Fairies, "Dancing, Glancing, etc.;" a children's chorus (March), "Over the Mountain and Over the Lee;" and a chorus of the Sultan's Cabinet and Slaves, "Hey—Hey—Out of the Way."

These pieces may be had, free of charge, upon application to the publishers of ST. NICHOLAS.

OUR boy readers will, we are sure, welcome the article in the present number by General Badeau, concerning the battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac. The story has been told by many writers, but we doubt whether it has ever been so fully and vividly set forth for the especial benefit of young readers as in the paper which we print this month. Many of those who read General

Badeau's article may have seen a recent announcement in the newspapers of a new invention by Captain Ericsson, the inventor of the Monitor. It is a naval fighting machine, which is perhaps as great an improvement on the little Monitor as was that famous vessel upon the old wooden men-of-war. This new boat is called the Destroyer. A writer in the New York Tribune says, that in the opinion of American naval experts Captain Ericsson's Destroyer is superior to any vessel of the kind invented abroad, and he adds:

"The boat is submerged like the original Monitor, with all the machinery below an intermediate deck of plate-iron strongly supported. Attacking 'bows on,' and defying with her armor the heaviest ordnance, the Destroyer is practically invulnerable, and at the same time is a terrible antagonist. With a single breech-loader seven feet under water, firing with great rapidity a projectile charged with 350 pounds of dynamite, it can subject a hostile fleet to a racking bombardment."

We have to announce that an article concerning The Washington Christmas Club, which many of our readers in the city of Washington expected to find in the March ST. NICHOLAS, has been postponed to the November or December issue of this year. Its publication then will be more timely in many ways, and the paper will have a more practical interest both for members of the club and for all the readers of ST. NICHOLAS.

THE LETTER-BOX.

Charley G. B., Lillian, and other correspondents: Miss Baylor says that the names of Juan and Juanita should be pronounced as if spelled, in English, Hwan and Hwaneta. We are much pleased that you enjoy the story, and follow with so keen an interest the adventures of its brave little hero and heroine.

NAVY YARD, BROOKLYN.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought some of your girls and boys might like to know of a game our family play, called "Reviews." There should not be less than three, or more than seven persons playing. Each person has a pencil and paper. They all begin at the same time, and each one writes at the top of his or her paper the real or imaginary title of some book, folds the paper so as to hide what was written, writes on the next line the word "or," and passes the paper to the neighbor on the left-hand, who writes a supplementary title beside the "or," and also passes it on. The next person writes the name of a real or fictitious author.

The next writes the name of the illustrator, and the next gives the motto of the book. Then come two press notices. Each person who writes a press notice must give the real or made-up name of some newspaper. The writer of the last press notice on each paper must also pass it on, as no one must know till the papers are opened what is on them; for each person, as he or she writes anything, must fold the paper over so as to conceal it. At the end of the game each person has a folded paper, and they all open them, and read them aloud in turn. Some of the combinations are very funny. I give the following sample to show in what order the things come:

Never a Word of Blame, or, The Whimsical Fate of a Mummy.

Author.—Josephus Smith.

Illus.—By a cowboy.

Motto.—"Who enters here, leaves hope behind."

(1st Press Notice.)—"A harrowing tale, calculated to freeze the blood, and direfully illustrated."—*Chicago Star.*

(ad Press Notice.)—"Harmless and useful for the Kindergarten."—*British Gazette.*

Hoping that some one may find this an entertaining game to pass an evening with,

I remain, your devoted reader, EDITH M. K.

A FRIEND of ST. NICHOLAS sends us this crisp little picture. Its title is

OUT JUST IN TIME.



ENGLAND.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have often wanted to write and tell you of a very curious thing I once saw. It belonged to a friend, and was this: A large caterpillar had eaten the seed of a bulrush, or else in some way it stuck on to him. Anyhow, in time this bulrush killed the caterpillar by slowly getting rooted in its body, and when my friend showed it to me, there was a large thing like a branch growing out of it. Of course, the caterpillar was quite dead and hard.

I thought this might interest your little folk, and although I am among your older admirers, still I always look forward to the arrival of your nice magazine, and think the story of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is very pretty.

Yours sincerely, T. P. K.

T. P. K. will find an account of the Bulrush Caterpillar in the last number of ST. NICHOLAS.

We print with pleasure the following fac-simile of a letter written by a blind girl to ST. NICHOLAS. It relates to Miss Alcott's fine story of "The Blind Lark," printed in our November number.

Erkins Institution
and Massachusetts School
for the Blind.

So. Boston, Oct. 1886.

Dear St. Nicholas,
We thank you very much for sending into so many homes the story of the Blind Lark. The building for the Kindergarten is nearly completed, and a few children will be admitted soon. We earnestly hope that funds will be obtained for all who are waiting before very long.

Little Lord Fauntleroy was enjoyed very much by the school.

The teachers and officers unite with the girls in sending thanks.

Respectfully yours
Mary Melady.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am staying at a villa on the Lake of Como, which is a very beautiful lake indeed. Yesterday we went to visit another villa on the opposite side of the lake. It was called

the Villa Carlotta. It was very pretty, and we admired the sculptures in it. In coming home we had a thunder-storm while we were in the middle of the lake, and we were struck by lightning; but so very slightly, that we had some tingling only in our hands and feet. You may imagine we were glad to get to shore. I have not been taking you for a long time, and I like your stories ever so much, especially "Little Lord Fauntleroy." I am a boy who has an American mother and a French father. It is the first time we have written to you. Your devoted reader, LADISLAS DE DIERSBACH.

PARIS.

P. S.—This letter was written three months ago, when I was in Italy. I had mislaid it, and only found it to-day. I will send it, nevertheless, hoping you will print it, and wishing you a very happy New Year.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just commenced to take you. I like you very much. I think "Prince Fairyfoot" a very nice story. I have a dog called Nero, and he is very gentle with me, but the tramps fear him as much as the Romans once feared their wicked Nero.

Truly yours, MARIE R.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy eight years old, and have never attended school. I have two brothers and two sisters, all younger than myself. My little brother, Willie, is very funny. He is two years old and has invented a language of his own. He calls himself "Dine." A dog he calls a "booo-woo"; a chicken, "oo-oo"; a bird is "peep"; "little" is "ee," and "large" is "O"; "upstairs" is "up-down," and "downstairs" is "down-up-down." He has his own words for everything, and his sentences, formed with these queer words, sound very funny. Little sister Yddy, four years old, is the only one who understands him. She acts as his interpreter. Yours truly, MASON S. P.

RUE DES GUETTIERES, TOURS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy ten years old, and live in America, but am staying in France. I don't learn French very fast, but have hopes. There is an old cathedral here, and the tower where Charlemagne's wife is buried. To-day we went to the chateau of Louis XI.; it looks like any old French farmhouse, but has curious old carvings of hobgoblins over the windows. We thought we saw a ghost at the window, and imagined it was Tristan l'Hermite. (Tristan l'Hermite was the Lord High Executioner to Louis XI.) Good-bye. Your constant reader, G. M.

BEECH HILL, SIDNEY MINES, CAPE BRETON.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eight years old. I do not think you have had a letter from Sidney Mines before, and as little girls in other parts of the world write to you, I thought you would like to hear from me. My home is very beautiful in summer. We can see the Atlantic Ocean.

Mamma tells me that many little girls living in cities would like to come here. I often go to see the coal mines with Papa. It is funny to see the miners come out of the pit as black as coal, except for their red lips and white in their eyes; with their little lamps burning in their caps. I like to see the tubs full of coal coming up in the cage from the pit. I enjoy ST. NICHOLAS very much. Papa has taken you ever since my big sisters were littler than I am. We all liked "Little Lord Fauntleroy" very much. I often try to make out your puzzles. Good-bye, dear ST. NICHOLAS.

From your little friend,

LILLIAN J. S. B.

PHILADELPHIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have been coming to see me for fully two years, and I love you better with every visit. You are a silent and delightful friend, after the chatter of a set of light-hearted and nimble-tongued schoolgirls. I go to school in Philadelphia and have five "dear" friends and the kindest and dearest teacher who ever taught "young ideas to shoot"; but, I'm afraid, in spite of all the training, the ideas shoot far from the mark sometimes.

We have here at home the usual adjuncts to every well-regulated family of children—two cats and a dog. Our cats are, of course, the most superior of their kind in every respect,—fur, appearance, deportment, and general intelligence. Their names are Kitty Pussy, Tycoon Mikado and Sambo Jumbo Romeo Columbus. The latter is small and black and semi-Maltese, which explains his somewhat remarkable name. He is quite adorable and is petted by my younger sister in a manner worthy of a young Egyptian whom history records as appreciating felines to a remarkable extent. Our dog—ah! "thereby hangs a tale." He is a pure St. Bernard, and was brought from the Hospice of St. Bernard in the Alps about nine years ago, and we have had him ever since. "When he opens his lips let no dog bark." He is simply "superlative," and possesses in a remarkable degree all the virtues common to dogs in general, in addition to the most prominent ones of "old dog Tray." He is gentle and he is kind, loyally devoted to his friends and never for-

BELLAGIO, ITALY.

getting an insult or an enemy. Mamma says he is like Chevalier Bayard, *sans peur et sans reproche*. His name is Bruno, and he weighs one hundred and forty pounds.

My father was in San Antonio, Texas, and in New Orleans, this winter; and on his return brought, among other things, a very curious "Mexican" whip. The handle part is about two feet long, of leather completely covered with horse-hair. The hair is dyed different colors: red, yellow, orange, purple, green, black, white, and gray, and is plaited together in a variegated pattern, with about six hairs in each strand. It is done evenly and closely and has a loop about five inches long for wrapping around the wrist at the top, and is ornamented with tassels of the horse-hair.

He also brought us some sugar-cane and some Florida moss. The outer covering of the sugar-cane is a brownish-purple color and of a "sugary-watery" taste. I really prefer sugar myself as a matter of taste. The Florida moss is dead and gray, resembling nothing so much as woven dust. Papa says that Bonaventura Cemetery has the tall old trees draped with this somber moss, and that the whole effect is very weird and picturesque. Last spring we had a young alligator sent to us by a friend in New Orleans, but it must have been too tender to endure the fatigue of railway traveling, as it was dead when it reached us. We followed every rational suggestion for the revival of alligators: we put it in hot water, in cold water, in tepid water, and in salt water; we put it in wet mud, and in dry mud and on the grass plot; we laid it on its back and laid it the way it ought to be laid, but there was "no health in it," and it would not be revived. Our opportunity to form a more intimate acquaintance with the habits and nature of alligators perished with their young representative. It was taken to school as a specimen, properly "oh'd" at, and admired, and finally buried under a peach-tree in the garden. Alligators may be useful, but they certainly are not pretty.

We have some pressed camellias which bloomed in the open air on the 15th of February, in San Antonio. They came to us like a warm blush of summer among the ice and snow of our Northern winter. The ways of New Orleans are different from those of any of our Northern cities. There is no marked observance of the Sabbath. The theaters are all open — and the French market is open for the accommodation of those who do not buy their Sunday dinner until they have eaten their Sunday breakfast. This seems almost horrible to one who has always lived in our good, old, quiet Quaker city. But to you, dear, wise St. NICHOLAS — French markets, alligators, cats and dogs must be an old story, worn threadbare by this time, so I will stop on those subjects.

I am quite a large school-girl, sixteen at Christmas, but Mamma says I must look forward to four years more of earnest, faithful study, at the very least. I suppose that I must be reconciled, for I know that ignoramus are only too plentiful; but really it is all such uphill work. I am gathering up the poets slowly. I have Longfellow, Whittier, Tennyson, and Browning, together with Selections from the Poets. I think Longfellow is my favorite: he seems of a kinder, gentler, and more lovable nature than the others.

I pity you, St. NICHOLAS!

So tired you must be
To read this drowsy letter o'er,
Until the end you see.
Well, then, I crave your pardon,
And promise ne'er again
To tax your gentle patience
With ramblings from my pen.

Your sincere friend and constant reader,

BESSIE G. D.

A DOUBLE TWIST.

BY CHARLES LEDYARD NORTON.

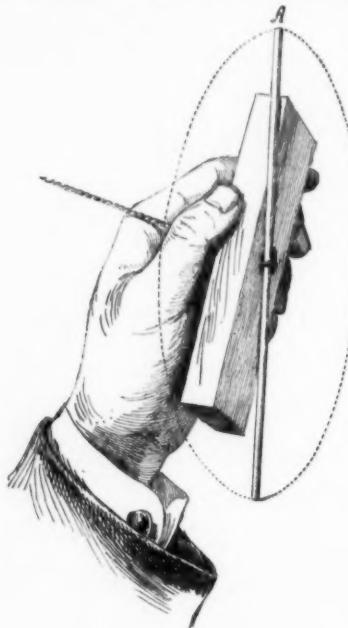
AMONG the urgent needs of young and old, a common one is a cord or line, bigger and stronger than any in the "twine-drawer." Nearly every one knows how to twist and double a bit of twine, by making one end fast and turning the other end between the fingers, until the whole is twisted so firmly that it will "kink," and then letting it double upon itself, and "kink" throughout, making a cord of four strands, somewhat less than one-quarter the original length of the string; after which the loose ends are knotted together, and the deed is done.

But there are one or two difficulties to overcome when one wishes to double twist a long line: the fingers become painfully tired, and are likely to let the line slip from the grasp, resulting in very troublesome "kinks" where they are not wanted. Again, there is apt to be trouble when the time comes to double — which makes it probable that Shakspere had tried to make double twists before he wrote the witches' song in "Macbeth."

The following method is an easier way of accomplishing the same end: take a piece of wood of a size that can be conveniently held in the hand, and bore in it a hole several times the diameter of the twine to be twisted. If the twine is not too large, a common wooden spool will do admirably. Procure also a small stick six or eight inches long; a lead-pencil will serve. Double the string by tying the ends together. Make a loop in each end of the doubled line,

slip one of these loops over a nail or anything that will bear the necessary strain; pass the other loop through the wood or spool, and then thrust the small stick through the loop. When the line is pulled taut, the stick will be in position across the bit of wood, and can be turned rapidly and evenly around in the direction that will also twist the strands of string more tightly.

Don't double this twisted line unless you have some one to help



you. If you are alone, it is better, before beginning to twist at all, to make a third loop in the middle of the doubled cord. Place this middle loop over the hook or nail, and twist each half separately before letting the two twist upon each other.

To keep the first half from kinking while twisting the second, make it fast and taut to some fixed point, or wind it tightly around anything that will hold it. Each of the two halves should receive about the same number of turns to insure evenness in the final double. Perhaps the better way is to make two separate twists, and then to allow them to twine around each other.

It is a good plan to stretch the first two lengths side by side after they are twisted, and lash the corresponding ends together before allowing them to take the final twist.

We thank the young friends whose names are here given for pleasant letters which we have received from them: Annie B. D., Frank Kurtz, Etta R., James M. B., Mary B. S., Maude E. S., Willie M. Gardner, John V. D., Jr., and H. B. Gill, Edith Langton, Violet Campbell, E. G. S. L., Tommy Gillick, Maude N. K., Charlie D. T., Maud G., Henry L. Bowditch, Mary R. Hand, Grace S. Bean, Hattie P., Peggy, Franklin C., Jr., Rachel F. M., Etta Boaz, Daisy Bell P., Edith S. Clarke, Fred W. Wile, A. S. E., Edith T. Bell, Anna Post, Margarette Reed, Annie Reed, Carson D., Pattie Mercer, S. D., Helen W. R., Nellie Trigg, Nellie Stone, Oliver W., Lizzie M. R., Indie Reese, R. C. O., Nina F. J., A. M. S., Nathalie Wilson, Ransom D. Brackett, Olive W. Morison, Adeline Z., Willie W., Mabel, C. A. B., Edith D., Chas. B. Pratt, Clarence and Clifford Sharp, Cub, Nettie Priest, Constance E. Ruth, Mary K. Hadley, Mabel Des B., Mabel D., L. H., May Louise B., W. M. Dudley, Kate Adams, Hattie L. Stockton, Grace, Florence, Bessie, Jennie, Nini, N. F. Towner, Allmand McK. G., Josie Elsmore, Bessie L. Lake, A. J. D., Bertha S., Alfred T., Georgie L., "Pansy," W. P. Eaton, Cora L. O., Mary J. S., Edith D. Tucker, A. C. A., V. C., and R. B. Wilson.

TOMMY, THE CLOWN, AND HIS WONDERFUL CÆSAR. —



A.B. SHULTS.

Enter Tommy — He presents Cæsar to the spectators — Cæsar reads his book — Cæsar as an organ-grinder — "Put my hat on, Sir!" — "Now, Cæsar, we'll take a walk!" — "Behold our friendship!" — Resting — "He will catch every ring!" — Cæsar becomes playful — They perform a duet — They salute the house — The crowning performances — They go out with great applause.

REPORT CONCERNING "THE KING'S MOVE PUZZLE."

WHEN ST. NICHOLAS promised to print a list of the names of those who sent answers to the "King's Move Puzzle," it hardly thought that it would be obliged to print them after the fashion of a serial story; yet, owing to the great number of answers received, this is what must be done; and one page of names will be printed each month until the list is complete. As some of our correspondents have said, "When R. P. M. made the puzzle, he builded better than he knew," for, instead of forty-five names being spelled out by the "king's move," between three and four hundred poets' names must be concealed in the hundred squares.

The mistake most frequently made was in spelling Schiller without the *e*, and many will find their lists shortened on this account.

As it was difficult, in fact, impossible, to "draw the line" and say "*this* poet is sufficiently famous to be admitted, and *that* poet is not," it was decided to admit *all* poets, great and small. The longer lists of course include many poets of lesser fame, whose names would be new and strange to many readers of ST. NICHOLAS.

The longest lists certainly are the result of much careful research; yet all honor to those who sent the names of forty-five *well-known* poets, says ST. NICHOLAS.

SPECIAL MENTION.

Maud E. Palmer, 264 — Lawrence Arnold Tanner, 204 — Ada C. Apgar, 300 — A., 177 — A. H. Chester, 175 — Lawrence H. Rhoades, 144 — Rebecca S. Price, 124 — Grace Gallaher, 116 — Geo. and Luu, 116 — J. W. C., 114 — Nannie M. Warner, 114 — Fannie Keller, 113 — Percy Varian, 113 — Anna M. Farr, 112 — N. and J. Chapin, 111 — Alice S. Raymond, 108 — Vivien Whybrow, 105 — "Aunt Maria and her boys," 104 — Jones Children, 103 — E. M. Warren-Fay, 102 — J. M. S., 102 — Louise Cook, 101 — Hannah Jones, 101.

ROLL OF HONOR.

FROM 90 TO 100.—F. M. C., C. S. Foster, A. Y. Bennett, Mary, Beth, and Annie, M. N. Armstrong, M. F. Mott, "Broadbeaks," G. W. Billings, H. Evans, E. K., N. Ward, A. L. Stanton, C. O. Seymour, G. E. Sibley, Clevenger Bros., "Whiffie," A. S. Frederick, FROM 80 TO 90.—W. Bingham and L. C. Sleeter, K. H. Ely, Frank and Mamma, D. Kimball, B. Beardsley, M. J. and H. Healy, M. E. and L. M. Norcross, H. Ripley, C. O. M. E., D. White, W. C. Thompson, G. Barton, M. Wells, A. R. Phelps, "Bird," M. R. Young, C. F. Keyes, L. Van U. Morris, R. L. Stannis, A. F. Matlock, P. Loving, M. E. H., M. R. Clark, E. L. B. Lector, Dick C., E. Tee, E. T. Clarke, J. Marcellus, C. H. Brown, C. Bingham, W. H. Nance, J. H. Greusel, H. and F. McIntyre, Mrs. C. M. Powell, R. B. Pratt, F. Dunham, J. Ross Taylor, A. Miln, M. Miln.

FROM 70 TO 80.—P. S. Boyd, H. Parkhurst, D. W. and J. F. Hayes and M. Morton, E. G. Clark, M. R. B., Granberry, H. B. Mitchell, P. S. Fiske and Co., W. K. Upham, L. W. Dodd, R. A. West, R. C. Booth, Mary A. K. W. H. P., J. H. Pullman, M. L. T., R. Demmon, R. B. Stone, E. S. Boyde, "An Old Boy," L. P. C., E. Ripley, "Ferryst," B. Smith, "Grandpa," D. B. McLean, L. B. Collins, Chase F. C., Hesscringe, Rix, M. Sherwood, A. W. G., A. C. Sherwood, G. C. Mayon, M. Jewell, W. R. Moore, "Check-mate," M. Hoy, L. Wadsworth, G. and F. Moffett, W. Heaton, W. Johnson, M. A. Brown, B. Z., A. M. Bell, M. Day, M. and B. Murdock, S. M. Sherman, F. A. Clarke, H. Robbins, Caro M. Y., H. B. B., M. Davidson, J. Ross Hardy, F. McIntyre, E. M. L. C., S. L. Cawell, A. M. Harford, A. J. E., F. Malin, T. and A. Kimball, "Park Place School," F. M. Stewart, H. M. Frying, R. P. Kent, S. Burrage, J. W. White, A. A. Nesbit, J. Anderson, M. Metcalf, A. B. L., "Cloverleaf," G. G. Cooke, A. L. Wightman, E. S. Lowell, M. Thayer, A. Thompson, R. McIlhenny, W. H. Lawrence, "York," "Juan and Juanieta," F. Kelly, L. P. Sheppard, C. P. Emery, M. C. and R. H. Johnson, Lavinia Grisling, W. N. Walnusley, L. Trask, N. C. K., B. E. Symonds, E. Glenny, Mamma and Fanny, L. Miln, B. Allen, L. K. Morse.

FROM 60 TO 70.—C. L. Bowen, L. B. M., Sambo, D. N. Rellim, M. E. Hudson and E. S. Walker, L. and C. Driscoll, P. Parsons, F. Worstell, E. S. Broses, B. W. Shutes, L. Tuttle, E. M. Noble, W. Evans, M. T. Turrill, W. and N. Roots, T. W. Hooper, A. Jenkins, R. H. and M. L. Fernald, B. D. Palmer, F. Bringhurst, M. E. Smith, "Stone," D. F. and F. J. Porter, H. C. Robinson, A. Minich, Harry P. M., J. H. McClellan, M., C., and H. Harris, R. B. Kendig, F. Thorn, E. A. Gay, B. Z. G., "Rannie," M. P. R., J. M. Gilbard, J. R. Sharpless and S. K. Reifsnyder, A. M. Sterling, A. O. Pritchard, O. G. Giles, Jessie L. K., L. Frear, "Fraulein," J. French, F. Smith, M. King, C. and W. Miner, L. R. Allen, "Norman," A. L. W., C. E. Edison, E. De Puy, A. C. Williams, R. Burns, E. M. and B. Miller, S. L. Orr, "Dora," M. D. Giles, Mrs. J. B. Clougher, Mrs. C. H. Howland, C. P. Skinner, H. M. Smith, O. W. Cook, "Jack Spratt," A. W. Bingham, Ethel and Gertrude, "The Twins," R. C. Busser, F. A. Cook, K. H. R., I. Hanchett, A. O. Wright, E. W. Burleson, S. Raynor, J. P. Beardsley, L. L. Smyth, E. S. Mitchell, M. H. Cook, "Wamba," A. Zwick, "Peterkin," M. E. Bulkley, V. S. Osgood, E. M. and C. G. Pomeroy, M. B. Robinson, E. Edgerley, H. S. Hadden, J. B. Goodwillie, L. How, P. Rodgers, M. H. Hall, F. E. B., "Cats," "N. P. and Co.," E. Herring, H. H. Patterson, C. P. D., S. W. Johnson, A. M. S. Hilgard, R. W. Dawson, E. A. Salmond, C. K. B., Charter and Bessie, M. Des Brisay, F. E. L. A. H., J. L. Bowen, H. J. Libbey, Lee Elam, K. Gaston and M. Watt, A. and E. Wadsworth, W. D. and I. P. Cotton, J. P. Miller, A. Hubbard, T. R. Rosebraugh, G. Bliss and E. Schulze, A. B. Reid, M. and H. Gordon, F. S. Gould, F. Crampont, C. T. R., E. A. Munson, Mab, L., L. R. Cape, B. Havens, G. E. Keech, M. Nichols, E. H. Lyall, Daisy and Mabel, T. B. Boyer, C. A. M. Currier, A. R. Wilson, A. and W. Hunter, H. S. Griffith, I. A. R., R. F. Dickson, E. Goodwin, J. Edwards and C. Shannon, H. Cumberland, C. Clayton, "Helene," E. H. Barton, H. Bennett, "Original Puzzle Club," Bertha and Nina, E. Illick, F. Burns, "Leithe," S. S. Horner, E. B. Taylor, J. C. Stover, "Teacher," "Jennie and Harry," A. G. Parker, P. Carpenter, L. E. Matteson, "Pudger," S. Hodgetts, R. C. L. White, S. L. Taylor, A. M. Liveright, J. K. Lord, Jr., E. A. C., G. M. Weston, J. and K. McFarland, L. S. and O. H. S., L. A. McGilvray, E. Hobart, M. B. Snabo, A. Loesch, M. A. B., "Violin," M. T. Sayre, B. Lawton, B. L. Bedell, E. Palmer, F. Baldwin, L. P. Sketchley, F. B. C., A. A. B. Knox, De F. W. Bowen, M. B. Pope, G. M. Whaples, A. M. Hays, J. L. Parks, F. E. Thompson, L. L. B., B. D. Palmer, Emma and Florence, B., L. E. Green, H. F. Stringer, A. M. Hancock, M. P. C. and S. C., F. L. Clay, L. H. L. and R. D. S. M., M. H. Foster, G. H. and M. Ingraham, H. F. Brockett, M. S. Clark, J. L. B. Sturgis, A. L. Wilson, M. Crucknell, C. E. Hoyt, Papa, Mamma, and Lizzie, M. Prenter, M. D. Aylsworth, "The Bangs," L. Hodge, Floy and Alice H., C. S. Campbell, M. E. Twiss, F. E. Grant, May Bee, Mrs. A. M. Ware, L. Gish, C. C. Lakin, B. S. Nelligen, M. G. Osborne, A. M. Williams, R. M. Frost, M. Henderson, B. J. Woodruff, J. Aldrich, Jr., M. F. Reynolds.

FROM 50 TO 60.—H. Keables, "Midge," M. Weil, H. Kremer, J. A. H. and F. H., G. Kuper, F. Oberholzer, D. Webster, A. Collier, M. B. Miller, S. A. Harris, G. D. Williams, H. Y. P., J. Hunter, L. W. M., M. Page, H. E. Grimm, B. Lee, F. P. Dalrymple, M. Neuburger, F. M. S. and E. B. F., I. R. S., L. Wilkinson, Jr., I. S. Drane, K. H., M. C. Adams, "Capt. Jinks," J. W. Young, H. Curtis, E. Fennell, L. Jessup, L. E. Ellis, M. D. Haines, G. Seymour and Co., X. V. Z., & W., Wm. C. and Amy F. D., C. H. Perry, W. Smiley, H. Smith, G. Benjamin, R. R. Kitchel, S. Bell, C. Clark, A. M. Roberts, M. Robbins, Mrs. E. Baker, K. D. Heuembourg, E. J. Barstow, E. W. Hamilton, B. Lincoln, E. H. Sturtevant, W. Colburn, T. H. A. Stites, E. Finkle, C. C. Craft, I. R. Hughes, G. W. Skinner, Henry and Jude, Mrs. D. Andrews, S. C. Le G., G. M. R., J. B. Kirkpatrick, I. Waldron, F. Smyser, E. Hoopes, "Navy Norris," F. Wise, L. Van Derveer, T. A. Lewis, W. McA. Johnson, H. H. Esselstyn, L. Johnston, G. N. Ferguson, A. Hoffman, F. B. C., M. W. Bosler, W. H. S. E. Jackson, D. M. Roberts, and K. Davis, E. W. M. M., V. S. Stevens, "Two Sisters," E. R. Emery, R. A. Spence, "Penelope," W. B. Morningstern, M. G. Shallcross, B. Bradbury, N. F. 52, K. P. Brooks, "Neff," M. L. Barclay, M. L. Hardy, C. A. and L. M. Weaver, F. V. Williams, B. Boyd, "Pug," G. E. Wesson, A. T. O. F. Castree, M. E. Stone, L. B., O. A. Yarnelle, N. W. Hafner, "Fosdick," K. G. S., S. U. and M. J. Hill, M. and R. Bolles, B. Shaw, N. Randall, S. Hart, M. M. P., R. Davis, "Torrence Family," H. K. R., H. Van Deventer, G. E. Atwood, A. L. Simpson, S. W. B., M. "Navy Norris," "Moll and Poll," N. Hayward, C. S., Rob. M. B., H. E. J. Mowat, H. W. Bentley, B. D. Stoddart, T. M. Hubbard, M. G. Orwig, F. W. Damon, E. Williams, F. Boskovitz, "Ferdie," W. I. Hawka, A. M. Logan, O. M. N. F. S., A. B. McIlvaine, W. and E. Wilson, B. Griffiths, J. A. Whiteside, R. R. Fairweather, A. L. Lyon, Tom A., Jr., C. Crane, R. W. Allen, B. M. Allen, A. R. Hopkins, A. Post, F. S. Monaghan, Marie F. C. L. Thornton, M. Hendrix, G. Hambly, "Lulu," C. E. Risley, N. Stone, E. D. Ogden, H. Stiles, I. and G. Gibson, C. W. Chandler, N. E. Jenne, H. A. Nichole, "Three Little Maids," W. R. Seavey, E. T. Maclean, A. M. C., E. H. Fairbanks, E. Blair, "Anglo-Saxon," "Prof. and Mother," "Gluck," A. Henkel, M. A. Millikin, Allyn, A. G. H., "Two Cherubs," E. E. Rebasz, V. A. Blanchard, "Chicago Tom," E. W. Potter, L. G. Stevenson, S. H. Cochrane, F. Colson, G. A. Snow, Dick Egbert, V. Wilson, L. and H. K. (To be continued.)

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER.

ZIGZAG PROVERB. From 1 to 15. Might makes right; from 1 to 15. Right makes right. Cross-words: 1. Motor. 2. Finis. 3. Wager. 4. She, he. 5. Taunt. 6. Maxim. 7. Fatal. 8. Fakir. 9. Melee. 10. Sinus. 11. Rheum. 12. Mimic. 13. Bogey. 14. She, he. 15. Tacit.

BURIED BIRDS. 1. Toucaco, swan. 2. Tinamou, pintail. 3. Gannet, daw. 4. Harpy, martin. 5. Mavis, hawk. 6. Swallow, teal.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Waste. 2. Actor. 3. Stone. 4. Tonic. 5. Erect. II. 1. Champ. 2. Humor. 3. Amuse. 4. Moses. 5. Press.

HOURLY GLASS. Cross-words: 1. Ministers. 2. Mankind. 3. Bread. 4. Ode. 5. A. 6. Ida. 7. Cider. 8. Villain. 9. Muttering. Centrals. Skedaddle.

BROKEN WORDS. 1. March-ed. 2. Winds-ail. 3. And-irons. 4. May-bloom. 5. Sun-dry. 6. Make-peace. 7. Clothes-line. 8. White-neck. 9. And-ante. 10. Maids-tone. 11. Dun-fish.

EASY RHOMBOID. Across: 1. Bird. 2. Tire. 3. Bare. 4. Bird.

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DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals and finals each name a conveyance.

CROSS-WORDS (of unequal length): 1. An ocean. 2. The central part of an amphitheater. 3. The surname of the writer of the "Essays of Elia." 4. A Turkish governor. 5. A Biblical name. 6. A book nearly or quite square. 7. Not matched. 8. To summon. 9. A lump.

CARRIE WATSON.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.

I. **UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND:** 1. In learning. 2. A portion. 3. Kingly. 4. To make brown. 5. In learning.
 II. **UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND:** 1. In learning. 2. Located. 3. An animal. 4. A large cask. 5. In learning.
 III. **CENTRAL DIAMOND:** 1. In learning. 2. A snare. 3. The second mechanical power. 4. A beverage. 5. In learning.

DIAMOND. 1. M. 2. Cob. 3. Lanes. 4. Carotid. 5. Monotones. 6. Betoken. 7. Sines. 8. Den. 9. S.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Some village Hampden that, with dauntless breast,

The little tyrant of his fields withstood;

Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,

Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Gray's "Elegy."

DOUBLE DIAMOND. Across: 1. T. 2. Art. 3. Float. 4. Bur.

5. T. Downward: 1. F. 2. Alb. 3. Trout. 4. Tar. 5. T.

A PENTAGON. 1. L. 2. Lar. 3. Lotus. 4. Lattice. 5. Ruined.

6. Scene. 7. Eden.

RIMLESS WHEELS AND HUBS. I. From 1 to 8. Mirabeau; from 9 to 16, Harrison. From 1 to 9, mirth; 2 to 10, India; 3 to 11, racer; 4 to 12, armor; 5 to 13, Bukki; 6 to 14, ewers; 7 to 15, Arago; 8 to 16, union. II. From 1 to 8, Herschel; from 9 to 16, Barbauld. From 1 to 9, Horrel; 2 to 10, Eliza; 3 to 11, rover; 4 to 12, shrub; 5 to 13, comma; 6 to 14, Hindu; 7 to 15, equal; 8 to 16, livid. — CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Bach.

LAUREL.

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IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In learning. 2. A fruit.

3. Pertaining to the moon. 4. A sailor. 5. In learning.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In learning. 2. To ventilate. 3. To mature. 4. A color. 5. In learning.

WILLIE RENTON.

CONNECTED PYRAMIDS.

UPPER PYRAMID. Across: 1. In prison. 2. Everything. 3. A color. 4. That which gives a rolling motion. Downward: 1. In prison. 2. To pass. 3. Dexterity. 4. An excuse. 5. To permit. 6. Not any. 7. In prison.

LOWER PYRAMID. Across: 1. In prison. 2. A young animal. 3. Belonging to the ear. 4. Momentum. Downward: 1. In prison. 2. A verb. 3. A small vessel. 4. Unfailing. 5. A heavy stick. 6. An old game. 7. In prison.

"MVRTLE GREEN."

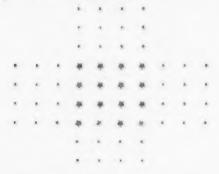
SOME EASTER EGGS *



On each of the ten eggs are eight letters. All of the letters in one egg may be so arranged as to form a word. When these words have been rightly placed, one below the other (as the diagram shows), the zigzags from 1 to 10 will spell a season, and from 11 to 20 will spell objects very often seen at this time of the year.

P. S. F.

EASY GREEK CROSS.



I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. A musical instrument. 2. Surface. 3. To gather. 4. A relation.
 II. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A fastening. 2. A girl's name.
 3. To clip. 4. A relative.
 III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. A relative. 2. Dry. 3. To languish. 4. A gulf.
 IV. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A gulf. 2. Dismal. 3. Ages.
 4. An abiding-place.
 V. LOWER SQUARE: 1. A gulf. 2. A bird. 3. Uniform. 4. A wicked Roman emperor.

0. V. R. AND L. B. A.

EASY CUBE.



FROM 1 to 2, a happy place; from 2 to 4, a people; from 3 to 4, to blush; from 1 to 3, to delay; from 5 to 6, may be found in the poultry yard; from 6 to 8, gnawing; from 7 to 8, a shoot from the stem of a plant; from 5 to 7, special faculty; from 1 to 5, to suspend; from 2 to 6, close by; from 4 to 8, tidy; from 3 to 7, tatters.

"TOPSY AND RVA."

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in table, but not in chair;
 My second is in homely, but not in fair;
 My third is in apple, but not in plum;
 My fourth is in finger, but not in thumb;
 My fifth is in milk, but not in wine;
 My sixth is in handsome, but not in fine;
 My seventh is in mite, but not in rod;
 My eighth is in pea, but not in pod;
 My ninth is in water, but not in bay;
 My tenth is in meadow, but not in hay;
 My eleventh is merry, but not in gay.
 My whole you will find out in all kinds of weather,—
 "T is seldom the same for two days together.

MINNIE PECK AND BONNIE OOTHOUT.

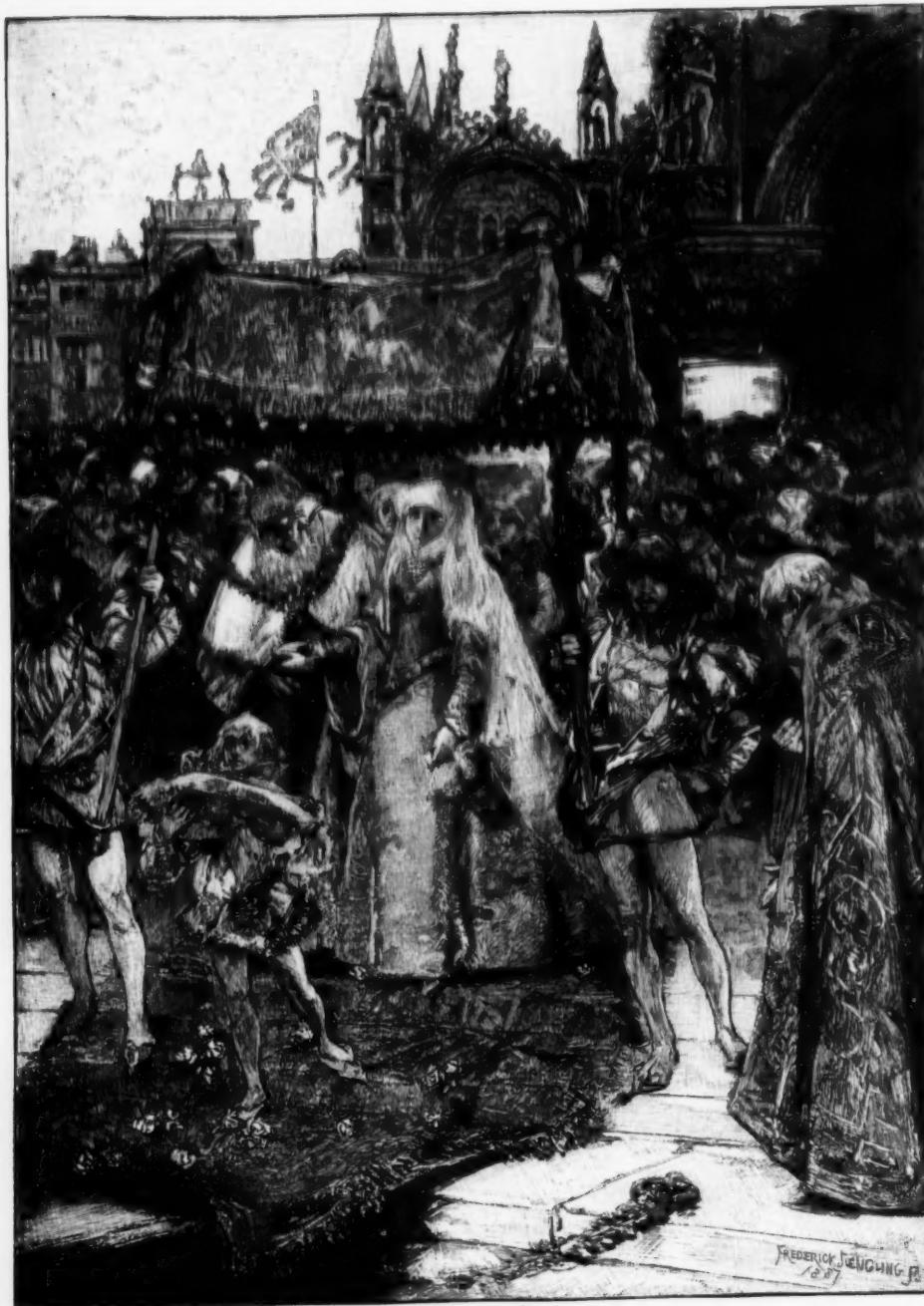
CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES.



UPPER SQUARE: 1. A beverage. 2. Tranquillity. 3. A very large division of land. 4. An ecclesiastical dignitary.
 LOWER SQUARE: 1. A narrow piece of timber. 2. A narrow road. 3. A plant that yields indigo. 4. To make known.
 Diagonals, from 1 to 2, part of a vessel. "MYRTLE GREEN."

PI.

COEM pu, lipra, gourhth eth lelvey,
 Ni yuor hores fo tabheu stred,
 Meoc dan wack yrou weylorf rienchild
 Form rithe trynwi beod fo sort.
 Meoc dan verblowlo hemt lytstof
 Thwli eth weset thabre of eth thou;
 Prod puon emth, arwm dan voling;
 Dresteten siskes of rouy tomhu. "LOU. C. LEE."



CATARINA OF VENICE, "THE DAUGHTER OF THE REPUBLIC."

(SEE PAGE 487.)